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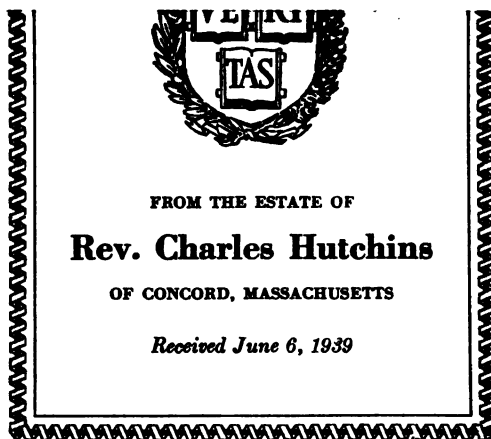
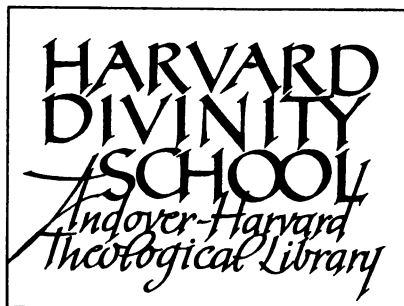
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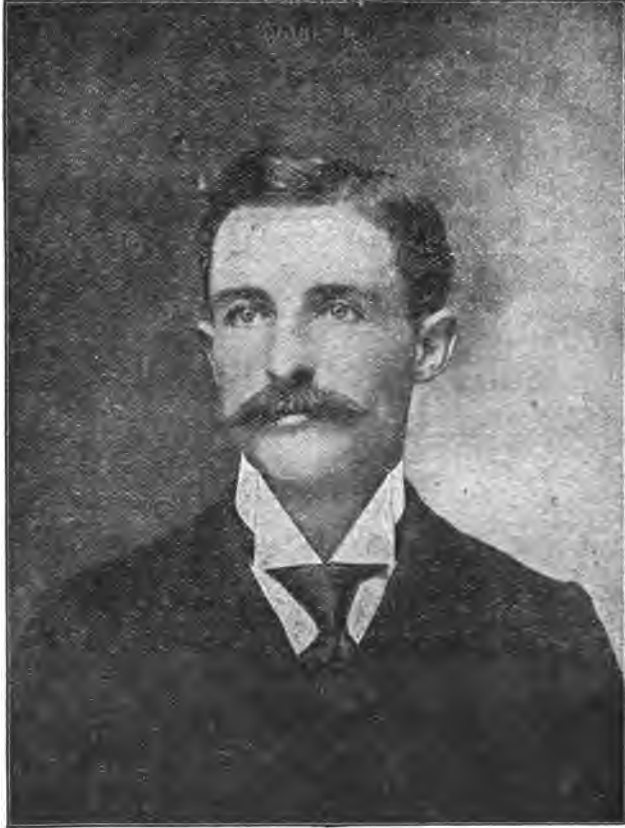
H. P. CLACK.

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*Yours sincerely,
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AFTER a long and close study of gospel songs, and also the art of teaching and imparting the knowledge of music to others, SONGS AND PRAISES has been prepared with the view of making the musical world more intelligent in the art of sacred song, which is the most pure, beautiful, and sanctifying of all arts. The specialty of SONGS AND PRAISES is that it is adapted to Revivals, or Protracted meetings, Sunday Schools, and Singing Schools, and will meet the needs of all occasions. It is hoped that SONGS AND PRAISES may reach many churches, homes, and musical societies, and spread forth "the glad tidings of joy" throughout the whole land, and that many precious souls who are seeking the home of rest may be gladdened and inspired.

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THEORY OF MUSIC.

BY H. P. CLACK.

A sound is anything audible.

A tone is a musical sound.

Sound, in the abstract, is anything that has the capability of being heard.

Sound, in the concrete, is an effect produced upon the brain through the organ of hearing.

A melody is a succession of tones.

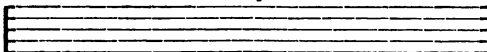
Harmony is a combination of tones.

Music is melody, harmony, or both.

The music staff consists of five lines and six spaces.

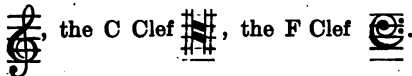
The Music Staff.

Sixth space.

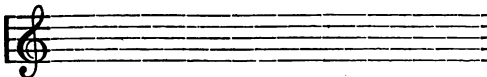


First space.

A Clef is a character used to represent absolute pitch. The G Clef



The Music Staff Complete.



Music is divided into four departments of musical art and science, which may be studied separately, though they are inseparable, that is :

Pitch, Length, Power and Quality.

Pitch is highness or lowness of tone.

Length is longness or shortness of duration.

Power is loudness or softness.

Quality is clearness or sombreness.

Music comes under the head of four fundamental rules, namely :

Melodies, Rythmics, Dynamics and Aesthetics.

All that pertains to pitch is in the department called melodies.

All that pertains to length is in the department called rythmics.

All that pertains to power is in the department called dynamics.

All that pertains to quality is in the department called aesthetics.

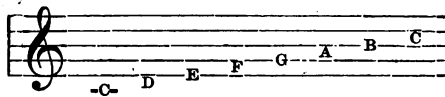
Pitch is both relative and absolute.

Relative pitch, is pitch that a tone has in relation to other tones.

Absolute pitch, is pitch that a tone has independent of other tones.

— 4 —

Absolute Pitch.



The absolute pitch scale, or the lettered scale, consists of the first letters of the alphabet:

Relative Pitch.



The relative pitch scale is from one to eight, or eight to one.

The Diatonic Major Scale.



Concerning tonality of the scale:

Do, is strong and commanding.

Re, is buoyant and progressive.

Mi, is gentle and persuasive.

Fa, is thoughtful, grand, and full of hope,

Sol, is bright and glorious.

La, is mournful and gloomy.

Ti, is sharp, piercing, and soul-stirring.

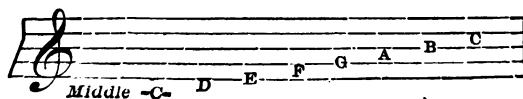
A degree of the music staff is a line or a space.

The round note notation represents both relative and absolute pitch lines and spaces.

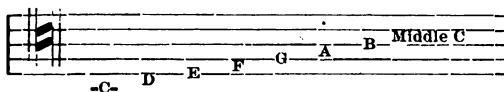
The shape note notation represents relative pitch by a different shape each tone of the scale.

Three of the absolute pitches are placed upon the staff; they are C and F, and are called clefs.

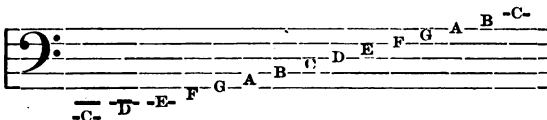
The G Clef is placed on the second line, and causes the staff to represent the pitches as follows:



The C Clef is placed on the fourth space, and causes the staff to represent the letters just the same as the G Clef, only an octave lower, the C in the fourth space being Middle C. (See below):



The F Clef is placed on the fourth line, and causes the staff to represent the pitches as follows:



The lowest part in music is Bass, and is sung by men, who have low voices; the F Clef is used for this part.

The next lowest part is Tenor, and is sung by men, who have high voices; the C Clef is used for this part.

The next lowest part is Alto, and is sung by ladies who have low voices.

The highest part is Soprano, and is sung by ladies who have high voices.

The G Clef is used for the Soprano and Alto both.

The F Clef is used for the Tenor, when the Bass and Tenor both appear on the same staff.

The lengths of notes and rests are named as follows; Whole, half, quarter, eighth, sixteenth, thirty-second, sixty-fourth. Three half, three quarter, three eighth, three sixteenth, three thirty-second, three sixty-fourth.

Seven quarter, seven eighth, seven sixteenth, seven thirty-second, and seven sixty-fourth.

A whole note is an open note without a stem.

A half note is an open note with a stem.

A quarter note is a full note with a stem.

An eighth note is a full note with a stem, and a hook.

A sixteenth note is a full note, with a stem and two hooks.

A thirty-second note is a full note, with a stem and three hooks.

A sixty fourth note is a full note, with a stem and four hooks.

A dot to the right of a note adds one half of its length to it, the second dot adds one half of the first dot's length to it,

A three half note is a dotted whole note.

A three quarter note is a dotted half note.

A three eighth note is a dotted quarter note.

A three sixteenth note is a dotted eighth note.

A three thirty-second note is a dotted sixteenth note.

A three sixty-fourth note is a dotted thirty-second note.

A seven quarter note is a whole note with two dots.

A seven eighth note is a half note with two dots.

A seven sixteenth note is a quarter note with two dots.

A seven thirty-second note is an eighth note with two dots.

A seven sixty-fourth note is a sixteenth note with two dots.

Tone-Lengths.

Whole.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.	Thirty-Second.	Sixty-Fourth.

Three half.	Three quarter.	Three eighth.	Three Sixteenth.	Three Thirty-second.	Three Sixty-fourth.

Seven quarter.	Seven eighth.	Seven sixteenth.	Seven thirty-second.	Seven sixty-fourth.

A whole rest is a square block below the line.

A half rest is a square block above the line.

A quarter rest is an inverted figure seven.

An eighth rest is a stem with one hook.

A sixteenth rest is a stem with two hooks.

A thirty-second rest is a stem with three hooks.

A sixty-fourth rest is a stem with four hooks.

The single and double dot applies the same name to the rest-lengths as it does to the corresponding tone-lengths.

Rest-Lengths.

Whole.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Sixteenth.	Thirty-second.	Sixty-fourth.

Three half.	Three quarter.	Three eighth.	Three sixteenth.	Three Thirty-second.	Three Sixty-fourth.

Seven quarter.	Seven eighth.	Seven sixteenth.	Seven thirty-second.	Seven sixty-fourth.

In music we have figures used to indicate the rhythm, called the measure sign, the figure on the fourth line indicating the number of notes to the measure, and the figure on the second line indicating the kind of notes they are, as the beat or count note. The names for the different kinds of rhythm are as follows: double, triple, quadruple, compound, double compound, triple compound, quadruple, and sextuple. These are all the different kinds of rhythm that we have in general use.

The sign for double measure is 2 over 4, for triple measure 3 over 4, for quadruple measure 4 over 4, for sextuple measure 6 over 4, for compound double measure 6 over 8, for compound triple measure 9 over 8, for compound quadruple measure 12 over 8.

Double measure is beaten down and up, and counted one, two.

Triple measure is beaten down, left, up, and counted one, two, three.

Quadruple measure is beaten down, left, right, and up, and counted one, two, three, four.

Sextuple measure is beaten down, left, up, down, right, and up, and counted one, two, three, four, five, six.

The compound measures are all beaten just the same as the simple form of measures, comprehending three mental pulsations to the stroke.

The first note of all measures is accented.

Syncopation is changing the accent from an accented tone to what is usually known as an unaccented tone; thus, bringing two accented tones together is called syncopation.

Different measure signs are indicated as follows:

Double.	Triple.	Quadruple.	Double compound.	Triple compound.	Quadruple compound.	Sextuple.
$\frac{2}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{4}{4}$	$\frac{6}{8}$	$\frac{9}{8}$	$\frac{12}{8}$	$\frac{6}{4}$

Some of the measure signs, and measures filled with the beat or count note, have the accent indicated by marks or characters, as follows:



Each one of the above notes indicated gets a beat or a count, or the value of it, and it takes the number you see indicated to fill the measure, or the value of them.

A triplet incorporates into a beat, an additional tone-length, or its value.

All compound rhythm is triple rhythm, that is in triplet form. We sometimes use a figure 3 under or over a note to indicate a triplet, meaning that three notes are to be performed in the time of two of the same kind. But when triple rhythm is the prevailing rhythm of a musical composition, it is best to indicate it by the measure sign, rather than have so many triplets.

Explanation of all the Keys.

Each and every key has four requisites. The first requisite of a key, is that it must have a key tone, and the tone that has the most repose and final ending is the key tone, and we know that is one or eight.

The second requisite of a key, is that it must have a leading tone, and the tone that leads up a diatonic short step to the key tone is the leading tone, and that is Ti.

The third requisite of a key is that it must have a sub-leading tone, and the tone that leads down a diatonic short step to the third of the key, which is Mi, is the sub-leading tone and that is Fa.

The fourth requisite of a key in the major mode, is that the remaining five tones must be a full step apart.

Keys are used to locate and represent the key-note or letter on different degrees of the music staff, and the keys take their names from the absolute pitch names, which are: C, D, E, F, G, A, and B. We have characters called sharps and flats to represent different keys.

A sharp is four oblique crosses, thus: #.

A flat is more like a small b, thus: b. The Germans used to call it little b, instead of a flat.

Every key has a signature by which it is known, and is given as follows: the signature for the key of G is one sharp; for the key of D, two sharps; for the key of A, three sharps; for the key of E, four sharps; for the key of B, five sharps; for the key of F sharp, six sharps; we say F sharp because the degree that the key letter or note occupies is affected with a sharp.

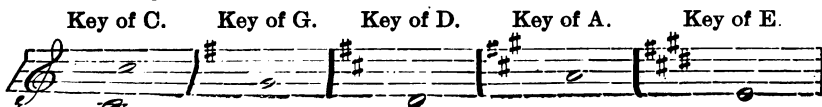
The signature of F is one flat; the signature of B flat is two flats; we say B flat and E flat because the degrees that the key letter or note occupies are affected with a flat. The signature of E flat is three flats; of A flat, four flats; of D flat, five flats; of G flat, six flats.

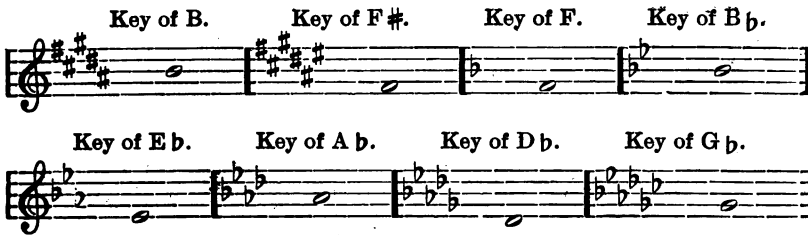
If you understand the sharps you can easily learn the flats. Take any number of sharps that constitute a key, and add the number of flats that it takes to make seven, and that will give the corresponding key in flats; for instance, three sharps is the signature of the key of A, and four flats of the key of A flat; therefore, add four flats to the three sharps, and you have seven in number; and so on clear through.

If you understand the flats and not the sharps, do the same thing, and it will give you the corresponding key in the sharps.

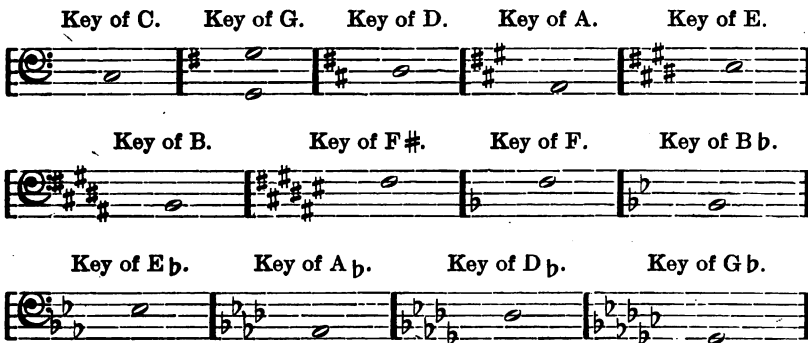
The signature of the key of C is the absence of sharps and flats. Some good authors say that the key of C has no signature. How do we know when we have the key of C, if it has no signature? We understand a signature to be a sign by which something is known. Then we know the key of C by the absence of sharps and flats. Some explain the key of C as being natural. It is no more natural than any other key. The sharps and flats are so arranged on the music staff as to represent the leading and sub-leading tone, that is, Ti and Fa. It is only a short step from Fa to Mi, or Mi to Fa, and also from Ti to Do. So the sharps and flats are arranged in a manner to cause these short steps to appear. With them we have a perfect scale, and without them it is imperfect. It would not be a fair question to ask what the key of C or G is; for C or G is a key itself. What is the signature? would be a proper question. The signature of the key of C, is the absence of sharps and flats.

The Signature for all of the different Major Keys, and Key-tones represented on the Soprano Staff.





The Signature for all of the Major Keys and Key-tones represented on the Bass Staff.



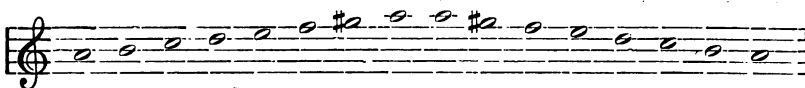
Every Major key has a relative Minor. Do is the key-note in all Major music, and la is the key-note in all Minor music. The way to find the relative Minor key of any given Major key, is to take a third below the Major key-tone, which is la, the relative Minor key-tone of any given Major key.

The Signature for all of the Minor Keys and Key-tones.

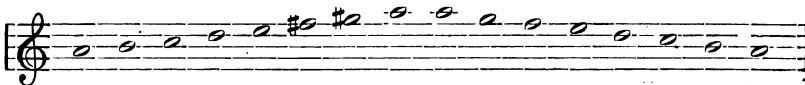


Transposition is simply forming new keys, and is done by means of sharp four and flat seven. In the sharps, take the tone that is Fa in the old key, and it becomes Ti in the new key. In the flats, take the tone that is Ti in the old key, and it becomes Fa in the new key.

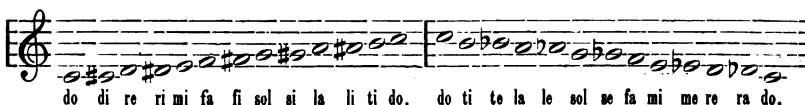
The Harmonic Minor Scale in the Key of A.



The Melodic Minor Scale in the Key of A.



The Chromatic Scale in the Key of C.



The Chromatic Scale is the Diatonic Major Scale with its intermediate tones.

A sharp introduces a tone that is a short step higher than the one we have.

A flat introduces a tone that is a short step lower than the one we have.

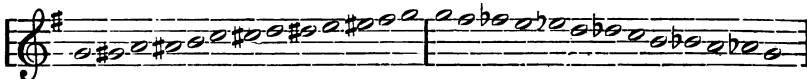
A double sharp introduces a tone that is still a short step higher than the one we have, and is only used on a degree that is already affected with a sharp.

A double flat introduces a tone that is still a short step lower than the one we have, and is only used on a degree that is already affected with a flat.

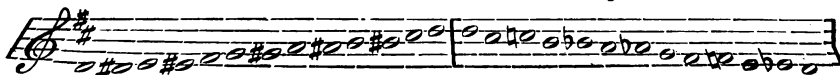
A natural is made thus \natural , and is used to cancel sharps, flats, double sharps, and double flats. A natural on a sharp degree has the effect of a flat, and on a flat degree the effect of a sharp.

Sharps and flats are called accidentals, and their effect continues only through one measure.

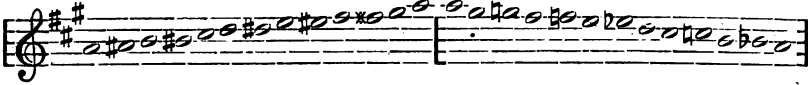
The Chromatic Scale in the Key of G.



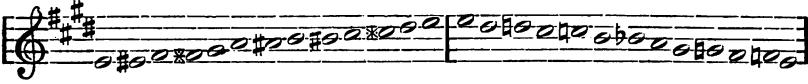
The Chromatic Scale in the Key of D.



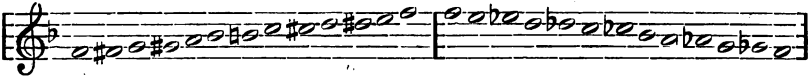
The Chromatic Scale in the Key of A.



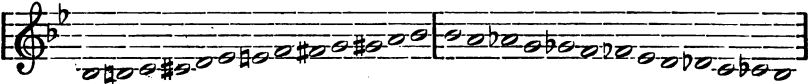
The Chromatic Scale in the Key of E.



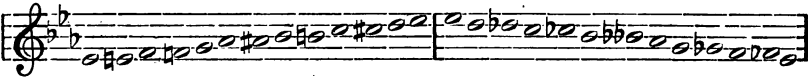
The Chromatic Scale in the Key of F.



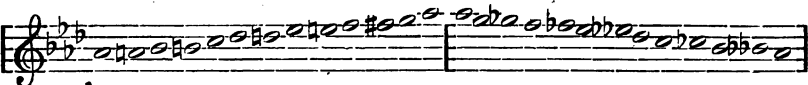
The Chromatic Scale in the Key of Bb.



The Chromatic Scale in the Key of Eb.




The Chromatic Scale in the Key of Ab.




A broad bar means the end of a phrase, section or period.

A double bar means the end of a composition.

Dots to the left of a broad bar, thus , mean to repeat the preceding passage.

Dots to the right of a broad bar means to repeat a part of the preceding passage.

Da, or D. C., is the abbreviation for Dacapo, meaning to return and repeat from the beginning to the word Fine, pronounced fenah or fena, meaning the end of a composition, also.

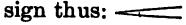
D.S. is the abbreviation for Dalsegno, meaning to return and repeat from the sign  or x to the word Fine.


The figures 1 and 2 mean first and second ending, meaning the first time to sing or play up to figure two, and then repeat and omit figure one and go to figure two in which the composition ends.

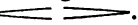
In a regular succession of the tones of a key without any skips, there are two kinds of intervals, step and short step. The short step occurs between Me and Fa, and Ti and Do, E to F and B to C. The other five tones are a full step apart.


Some of the Tone-powers in Common Use.

Piano, Pianissimo, Mezzo, Forte, and Fortissimo; Piano means a soft power; its sign is its initial letter P. Pianissimo means very soft, and its sign is its initial letter PP. Mezzo means a medium power; its sign is its initial letter M. Forte means loud; its sign is its initial letter F. Fortissimo means very loud; and its sign is its initial letter FF. M. P. and M. F. mean midway between Mezzo Piano and Mezzo Forte.

A gradually increasing power is Crescendo, pronounced, Cres-shān-do, its abbreviations is *cres.*, or the sign thus: 

A gradually diminishing power is diminuendo, pronounced dim-in-ōō-ān-do, and its abbreviation is *dim.*, or the sign thus: 


A power first increasing and then diminishing is a swell; its abbreviation is *Sw.*, or the sign: 


Sforzando means that a tone should be struck with extra force, made loud at the beginning, and suddenly diminished, then continued soft. Its abbreviation is *Sf.*, or the sign, :

Some of the Styles of Singing and Playing that are in Common Use.


Legato, Staccato, Semi-staccato, and Marcato.

Legato means a very smooth and closely connected style of singing or playing, giving the tones their full value, and the instant one tone stops another begins; it is indicated by the curved line over or under the passage that is to be sung or played.

Staccato means that the tones are to be performed in a very short and disconnected manner, and is indicated by points over or under the notes thus: .

Semi-staccato means a style midway between Legato and Staccato; the sign for Semi-staccato is dots over or under the notes, thus: .

Marcato means strongly marked, emphasized, or accented; it is indicated by the short converging lines over the notes.


A prolong is a character used under or over notes to prolong the time. When a composition calls for a thought of repose, and it is not convenient to use a note of longer duration, the prolong is represented thus: .

Movements.

Grave, the slowest movement; Adagio, very slow; Andante, slow; Andantino, not so slow as andante; Moderato, moderately slow; Vivace, lively; Allegro, fast; Allegretto, faster than Allegro; Presto, quick, or very fast; Prestissimo, extremely quick; Ritardo means gradually slower and slower, and is most used towards the end of a composition; its abbreviation is *Rit*; *Accelerando*, means faster and faster; *A tempo*, means to go back to the original movement.

Movements are sometimes indicated by metronomical figures placed over the beginning of a composition, meaning that the metronome, an instrument constructed to mark time, is to be adjusted to the figures 60 or 90, as the case may be, and that a quarter or half note is to be performed in the time of one stroke of the instrument.

Some of the Styles of Singing or Playing.

Cantabile means graceful, and with an elegant style; Con espresione, with expression; Con energia, with vigor; Dolce, soft and sweet; Maestoso, majestically, with majesty; Oblagato, indispensable, Acciaccatura is a small note, crushed against a principal tone, getting no value within itself, and is made thus, .

The Different Kinds of Intervals.

An interval is the difference in pitch, and the distance between two tones considered together. An interval is named by the number of degrees of the staff that it involves. A prime involves one degree of the staff; a second, two degrees; a third, three degrees; a fourth, four degrees, etc., up to intervals of the ninth. Each of the intervals are classified with regard to their size.

There are two kinds of primes, perfect and augmented.

here are three kinds of seconds, minor, major, and augmented.

There are three kinds of thirds, major, minor, and diminished.

There are three kinds of fourths, perfect, diminished, and augmented.

There are three kinds of fifths, perfect, diminished, and augmented.

There are three kinds of sixths, major, minor, and augmented.

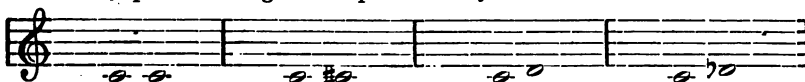
There are three kinds of sevenths, major, minor, and diminished.

There are two kinds of octaves, perfect and diminished.

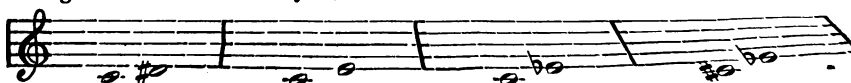
There are three kinds of ninths, major, minor, and augmented.

The Different Kinds of Intervals Represented on the Musical Staff.

Perfect prime. Augmented prime. Major second. Minor second.



Augmented second. Major third. Minor third. Diminished third.



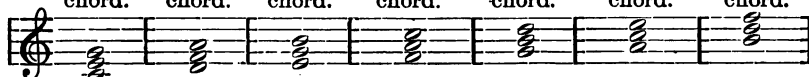
Perfect fourth.	Augmented fourth.	Diminished fourth.	Perfect fifth.	Augmented fifth.
				
Diminished fifth.	Major sixth.	Minor sixth.	Augmented sixth.	Major seventh.
				
Diminished seventh.	Perfect octave.	Diminished octave.	Major ninth.	Minor ninth.
				

A triad is a three toned chord, and the tones are named, fundamental, third, and fifth. The tone upon which the chord is built is called the fundamental, the next above is the third, and the next, the fifth. The major third is the most pleasing and satisfactory tone of all; it rests and charms the mind with its sympathetic harmony, and is the basis of all harmony in modern music.

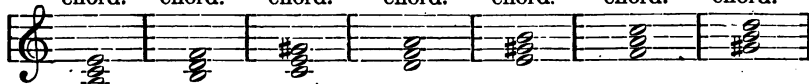
It takes two thirds, one above the other, to constitute a complete chord. Any chord, then, that has three tones is called a triad, and is built upon the fundamental, or lowest tone.

The triads are named, Tonic, Supertonic, Mediant, Sub-mediant, Dominant, Subdominant, and Subtonic.

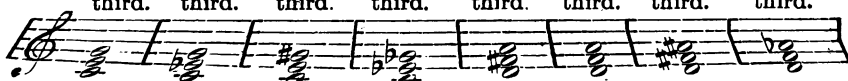
Triads of the Major Key.

Tonic chord.	Supertonic chord.	Mediant chord.	Subdominant. chord.	Dominant chord.	Submediant chord.	Subtonic. chord.
						

Triads of the Minor Key.

Tonic chord.	Supertonic chord.	Mediant chord.	Subdominant. chord.	Dominant chord.	Submediant. chord.	Subtonic chord.
						

The Different Kinds of Thirds.

Major third.	Minor. third.	Augmented third.	Diminished third.	Major third.	Minor third.	Augmented third.	Diminished third.
							

Every three-toned chord has three positions : the first position is when the fundamental is the highest; the second when the third is the highest, and the third when the fifth of the chord is the highest.

Different Positions of a Chord.



One, three, and five, or do, mi, and sol, constitute the tonic chord in any key. C, E, and G constitute the tonic chord only when they are in the key of C. Then it is best to use the technical names, Tonic, Mediant, Dominant, etc., and do, mi, sol, etc., but both should be understood.

That which is more important than either of the names, is the harmonic effect of each chord.

Harmony is usually written in four parts, and as a triad, or a three-toned chord, has only three tones, it is necessary to double one of the three parts, so it is best to always double the fundamental, as it gives the most satisfactory effect to the chord. So, for the present, only the fundamental of the chord should be doubled, always writing the fundamental in the bass with one or the other of the three parts.

Nearly all music starts and ends with the tonic chord. The primary resolution of all the chords just spoken of is to the Tonic chord, as that is the ruling chord for the present.

In a progression from one chord to another, the tone that is in common with both chords is called the mutual tone, and should be retained in the same voice part.

The next law of progression is to let each of the other parts move to that tone that occasions the least motion.

The Primary Resolution of Tonic, Dominant, and Subdominant Harmony.

The different chords will be known by their initial letter above them, the dash meaning continued, the curved line indicating the mutual tone.



The student should work out and harmonize several pieces by the use of the chords just spoken of before going further. Harmonize the following melody :



The next most prominent and useful chord of all is the Dominant seventh chord ; it is generally used in the last phrase of a piece of music, especially in the chord next to the last, before the ending of a composition, but may be used in other places. While the dominant seventh is a dissonant, it gives a graceful and elegant thought of repose to the chord in which it resolves.

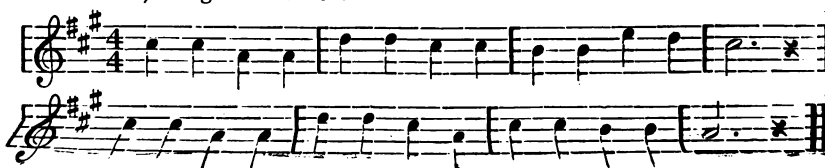
Chords of the seventh are formed by the addition of another tone to a three toned chord, which makes a four toned chord, and is called a chord of the seventh. The tones of the Dominant seventh are Sol, Ti, Re, Fa. The rule for retaining the mutual tone is dispensed with in chords of the seventh, as we have no mutual tone in going to nor from chords of the seventh. The resolution of the Dominant seventh is to the Tonic, and should resolve down, only in rare cases. In writing a chord of the seventh, the third or fifth may be omitted; which ever causes the best melodic effect may be used, but when all four tones of the chord are used and Re leads to Do, the fundamental of the chord to which it resolves will be trebled, and the fifth omitted, but the third must never be omitted, except in chords of the seventh. Chords of the seventh are indicated by a figure seven placed under them.

Progression of the Dominant Seventh.

Illustration.



The student should also work out and harmonize several pieces with the use of the Dominant seventh chord. Following is a melody that may be harmonized, using the seventh.



SONGS AND PRAISES



No. 1. God Speed the Right.

W. E. HIRKSON.

From the German.

f *mp*

1. Now to heav'n our pray'rs as cend - ing, God speed the right;
 2. Be that pray'r a - gain re - peat - ed, God speed the right;
 3. Pa - tient, firm, and per - se - ver - ing, God speed the right;
 4. Still our on - ward course pur - su - ing, God speed the right;

f *mp.*

In a no - ble cause con - tend - ing, God speed the right;
 Ne'er de - spair - ing though de - feat - ed, God speed the right;
 Ne'er th' event nor dan - ger fear - ing, God speed the right;
 Ev - 'ry foe at length sub - du - ing, God speed the right;

DUET.


Be our zeal in heav'n re - cord - ed, With suc - cess on
 Like the good and great in sto - ry, If we fail, we
 Pains, nor toils, nor tri - als heed - ing, And in heav'n's own
 Truth our cause, what - e'er de - lay it, There's no pow'r on

ff *p dim.*

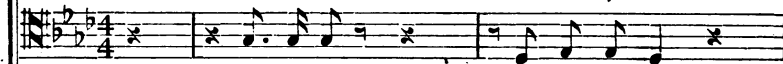
earth re - ward - ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 fail with glo - ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 time suc - ceed - ing, God speed the right, God speed the right.
 earth can stay it; God speed the right, God speed the right.

No. 2. Jesus, Seek Thy Wandering Sheep.

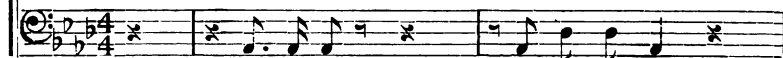
Composed for this work by L. O. EMERSON, 1899.



1. Je-sus, seek Thy wand'ring sheep; Bring me
2. Live till all Thy life I know; Foll'wing




1. Je - sus, seek Thy wand'ring sheep;
2. Live till all Thy life I know;




back, and lead and keep; Take on Thee . . .
Thee, my Lord, be - low; Glad-ly then . . .



Bring me back, and lead and keep; Take on Thee
Foll'wing Thee, my Lord, be-low; Glad-ly then


my ev'-ry care, And me on Thy bosom bear.
from earth re - move, Gathered to the fold a-bove.



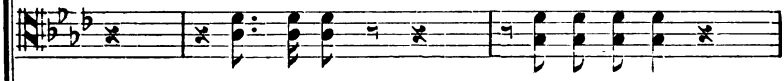
my ev'-ry care, And me on Thy bosom bear.
from earth remove, Gathered to the fold a-bove.



Jesus, Seek Thy Wandering Sheep.—Concluded.



Let me know my Shepherd's voice, More and
O that I at last may stand, With the



Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
O that I at last may stand,




more in Thee re - joice, More and
sheep, at Thy right hand, , , , Take the



More and more in Thee re-joice, More and
With the sheep at Thy right hand, Take the




more of Thee re - ceive, Ev-er in Thy Spirit live.
crown so free - ly giv'n, En-ter in by Thee to heav'n!




more of Thee re - ceive, Ev-er in Thy Spirit live.
crown so free - ly giv'n, En-ter in by Thee to heav'n!




No. 3. O Come, Let Us Sing.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

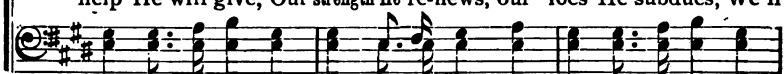
H. P. CLACK.



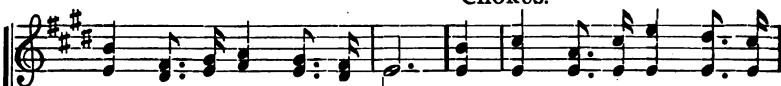
1. O come, let us sing to Je-sus our King, Who left His bright home in
 2. O come, let us sing to Je-sus our King, Who sav'd us from wrath, for
 3. O come, let us sing to Je-sus our King, Who sought for our souls when
 4. O come, let us sing to Je-sus our King! In sor-row or woe, still

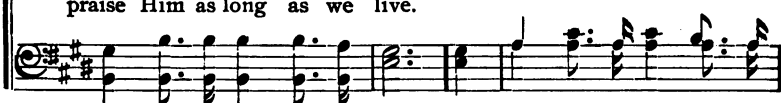
glo - ry on high, And stood in our place, O won-der-ful grace! For
 sin did a-tone; When naught else could save, His life-blood He gave, For
 wand'ring a-stray, And bro't us safe home, no long-er to roam, Our
 help He will give; Our strength He re-news, our foes He subdues; We'll



CHORUS.



reb - els to suf - fer and die.
 us trod the wine-press a - lone. O come, let us sing to our
 sins in His blood wash'd away.
 praise Him as long as we live.




Sav-ior and King! O come, let us sing to Je - sus our King! Still




praise His dear name, He is ever the same, Loud anthems to Him let us sing.

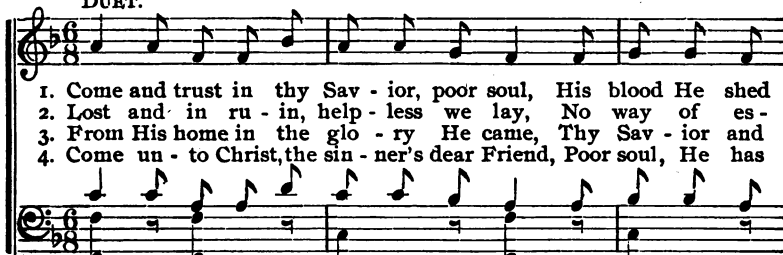


No. 4. Only His Blood Can Set Free.

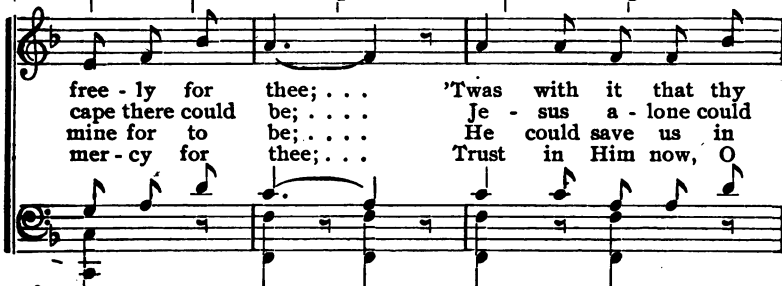
Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

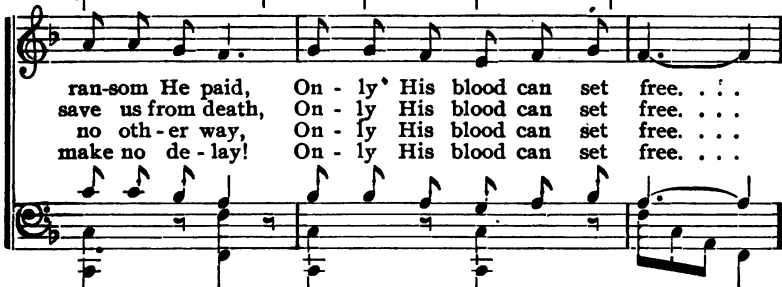
DUET.



1. Come and trust in thy Sav - ior, poor soul, His blood He shed
 2. Lost and in ru - in, help - less we lay, No way of es -
 3. From His home in the glo - ry He came, Thy Sav - ior and
 4. Come un - to Christ, the sin - ner's dear Friend, Poor soul, He has

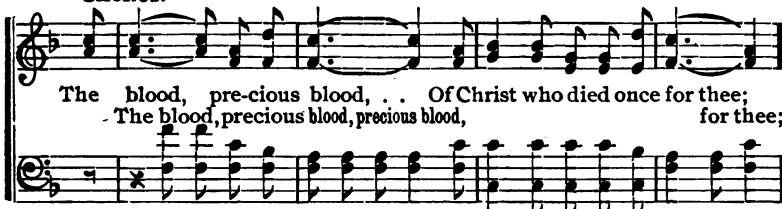


free - ly for thee; . . . 'Twas with it that thy
 cape there could be; . . . Je - sus a - lone could
 mine for to be; . . . He could save us in
 mer - cy for thee; . . . Trust in Him now, O

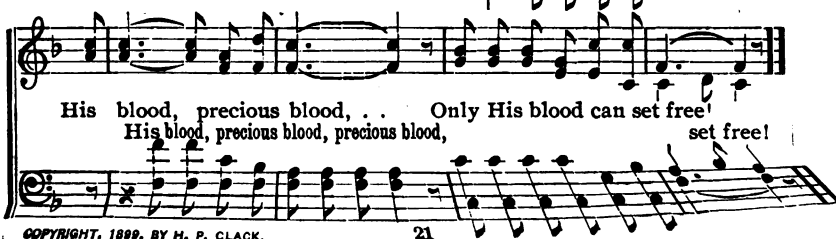


ran - som He paid, On - ly* His blood can set free. . . .
 save us from death, On - ly His blood can set free. . . .
 no oth - er way, On - ly His blood can set free. . . .
 make no de - lay! On - ly His blood can set free. . . .

CHORUS.



The blood, pre - cious blood, . . . Of Christ who died once for thee;
 The blood, precious blood, precious blood, for thee;



His blood, precious blood, . . . Only His blood can set free!
 His blood, precious blood, precious blood, set free!

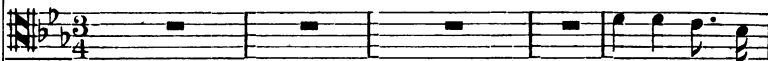
No. 5. Blessed Are the People.

Allegro moderato.

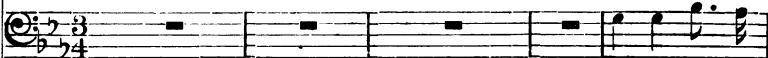
Composed for this work by L. O. EMERSON, 1898.



Bless-ed are the people who know the joyful sound,



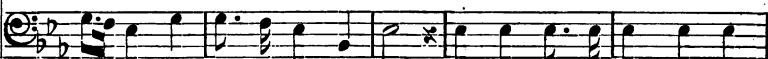
Blessed are the



Bless-ed are the peo - ple who



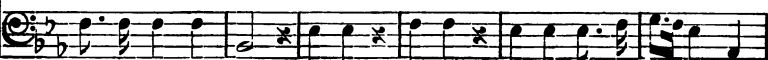
people who know the joyful sound, Bless-ed are the peo - ple who



know the joyful sound, Blessed, blessed, Blessed are the people who



know the joyful sound, Blessed, blessed, Blessed are the people who



Blessed Are the People.—Continued.

They shall walk, O Lord, in the
 know the joy-ful sound. They shall walk, O Lord,
 know the joy-ful sound. They shall walk, O Lord,

light of Thy countenance,
 in the light of Thy countenance, They shall walk, . . . O
 in the light of Thy countenance, They shall walk,

Lord, in the light, in the light of Thy countenance;
 O Lord, in the light, in the light of Thy countenance; They shall

Blessed Are the People.—Continued.



They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy

walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy

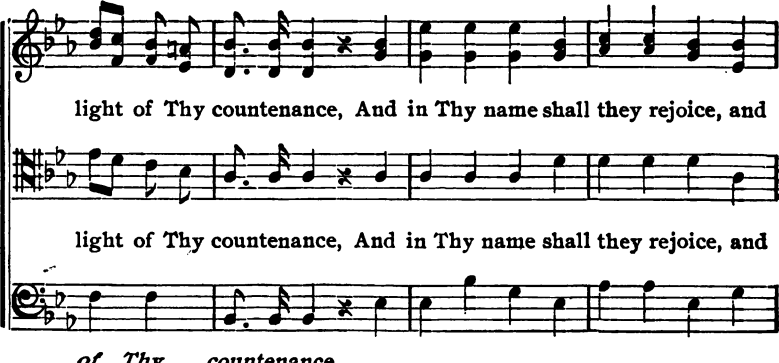
They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy



countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light, in the

countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light, in the

countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light,



light of Thy countenance, And in Thy name shall they rejoice, and

light of Thy countenance, And in Thy name shall they rejoice, and

of Thy countenance,

Blessed Are the People.—Concluded.

in Thy name shall they re - jice, And in Thy righteousness, in Thy

in Thy name shall they re - jice, And in Thy righteousness, in Thy

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in alto clef, and the bottom in bass clef. All are in B-flat major (two flats). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets and rests.

cres.
righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed, And in Thy righteousness,

righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed, And in Thy righteousness,

This system consists of three staves. The top staff has a *cres.* marking above it. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some longer note values and rests.

f
in Thy righteousness shall they be ex - alt-ed. A - men, A - men.

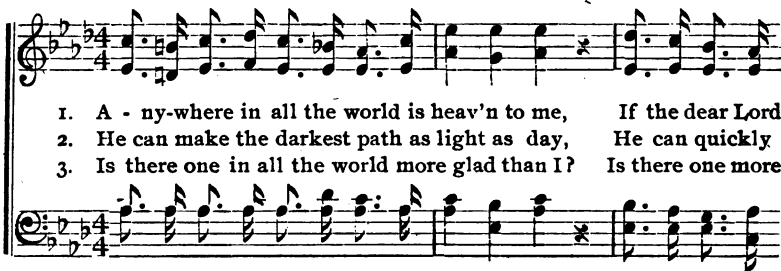
in Thy righteousness shall they be ex - alt-ed. A - men, A - men.

This system consists of three staves. The top staff begins with a *f* (forte) marking. The music concludes with a final cadence, including a double bar line and repeat signs at the end of each staff.

No. 6. Happy All the Way.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

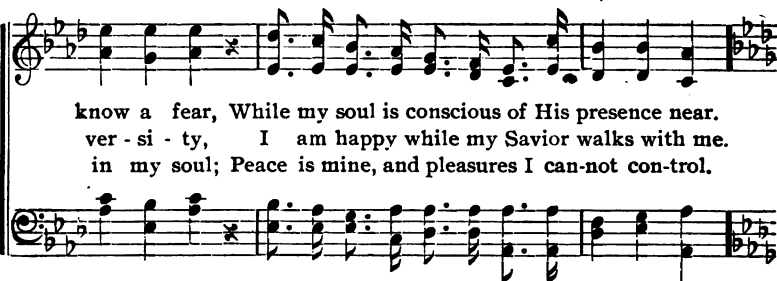
H. P. CLACK.



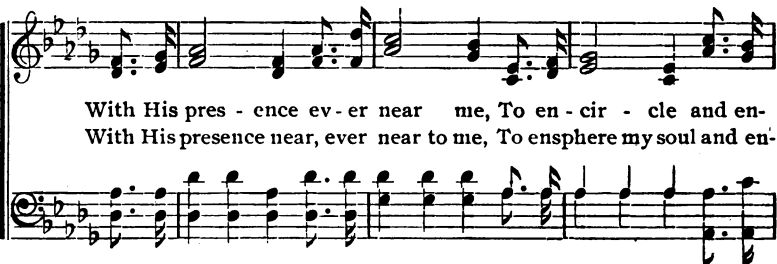
1. A - ny-where in all the world is heav'n to me, If the dear Lord
 2. He can make the darkest path as light as day, He can quickly
 3. Is there one in all the world more glad than I? Is there one more



Je - sus can but with me be; I can nev - er be alarmed, nor
 ban-ish doubts and fears away; In the time of tri - al and ad -
 hap - py un - der-neath the sky? I have Je-sus and His love with-



know a fear, While my soul is conscious of His presence near.
 ver - si - ty, I am happy while my Savior walks with me.
 in my soul; Peace is mine, and pleasures I can-not con-trol.



With His pres - ence ev - er near me, To en - cir - cle and en-
 With His presence near, ever near to me, To ensphere my soul and en-

Happy All the Way.—Concluded

sphere me, And His love and light to cheer me,
cir-cle me, And His love and light to bring cheer to me,

CHORUS.

I can ev - er hap - py be. Then I'll fol - low my

Sav - ior where His feet may lead, O'er the sands of the

des - ert or the flow - 'ry mead, Car - ing not though the

path-way bright or dark may be, While His presence goes with me.

No. 7.

Blessed is he.

Cheerfully.

EDWIN MOORE.

Bless-ed is he whose transgression is for-giv-en, Bless-ed is he

whose transgression is for-giv-en, Bless-ed is he, Bless-ed is he,

Largo.

Omit 1st time. FINE.

Bless-ed is he whose sin is cov-er-ed. A-men, A-men.

ALTO SOLO. *A little slower.*

I will con-fess my trans-gres-sions, I

Blessed is He.—Continued.

will con-fess my trans-gres - sions, and the Lord for-giv-eth mine in-

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "will con-fess my trans-gres - sions, and the Lord for-giv-eth mine in-".

iq - ui - ty, The in - iq - ui - ty of my sin.

rit.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "iq - ui - ty, The in - iq - ui - ty of my sin." The word "rit." (ritardando) is written above the vocal staff. The piano part also has "rit." written above it.

The third system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Bless - ed is the man to whom the Lord im-put - eth not in -".

a tempo

Bless - ed is the man to whom the Lord im-put - eth not in -

The fourth system begins with the tempo marking "a tempo". The lyrics are: "Bless - ed is the man to whom the Lord im-put - eth not in -".

Blessed is He.—Concluded.

iq - ui - ty, in - iq - ui - ty, And in whose spir-it there

The first system of music is in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are 'iq - ui - ty, in - iq - ui - ty, And in whose spir-it there'.

is no guile, and in whose spir-it there is no guile.

The second system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are 'is no guile, and in whose spir-it there is no guile.'.

I will con - fess my trans-gres - - sions, I

I will, I will con - fess my trans-gres-sions, I

The third system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are 'I will con - fess my trans-gres - - sions, I' and 'I will, I will con - fess my trans-gres-sions, I'.

will con - fess my trans-gres - - sions, And the Lord for -

will, I will con - fess my transgressions,

The fourth system of music continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are 'will con - fess my trans-gres - - sions, And the Lord for -' and 'will, I will con - fess my transgressions,'.

giveth mine in - iq - ui - ty, the in - iq - ui - ty of my sin.


The fifth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'giveth mine in - iq - ui - ty, the in - iq - ui - ty of my sin.'.

No. 8.


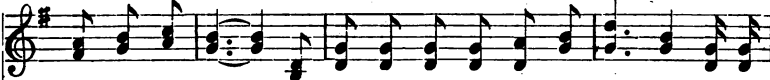
Wonderful Savior.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.


H. P. CLACK.




1. The shad-ows of eve-ning are fall - ing, And the brightness of
2. That light my dear Sav-ior has giv - en, 'Tis His Spir - it that
3. The peace and the rest that He prom - ised, This poor world can-not
4. In tri - als, in sor - row, and con - flicts, Help and comfort He



day dis - ap - pears; But light in my heart is still burn-ing, It dis-
dwells in my heart; My pil-grim-age jour-ney He guid - eth, All the
give nor can take; The joy that His presence still giv - eth, I now
still doth be - stow; Be-hind each dark cloud light is shining, Safe thro'





CHORUS.




pels all my doubts and my fears.
strength that I need doth im - part. O Thou pre-cious and won-der-ful
have for His won-der - ful sake.
shad - ow and sunshine I'll go.

Sav - ior, Lov - ing and gracious Thou art! Thy light in my

heart is still shin - ing, It doth gladness and sweet peace im-part.



No. 9. There's Mercy for All.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

H. P. CLACK.



1. Come to thy Sav - ior, sin-ner, come to-day; In the fount-ain
2. Come, all ye wea - ry, Christ will give you rest, Heav-y la - den
3. Come now to Je - sus while there's mercy free; Do not grieve the
4. How blest to know there's mercy there for all; There you'll find for-



of His blood there's cleansing for thee; Je - sus is call - ing, hasten
with your sin, with sor-row and care; There's mercy for the poor and
Spir - it now, who striv-eth to-day; Yield to its pleadings, from wrath
givness when you trust in the blood; Hear now the gos-pel and o -



to o - bey; Now He's waiting patiently, your soul He will set free.
all oppress'd; He will pardon ten-der - ly, and all thy burdens bear.
quickly flee; O poor'soul, to Je-sus haste so quickly while you may.
bey its call; And en-joy the smiles so cheering of our bless-ed Lord.



CHORUS.



Mercy's free to all, mercy's free to all; Come, oh, come to Jesus, He'll thy



There's Mercy for All—Concluded.

Savior be; Mercy's free to all, mercy's free to all, Mercy's free to you and me.

No. 10.

Olivet.

RAY PALMER, 1830.

(6s & 4s.)

L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, O, may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then in love, Fear and dis-

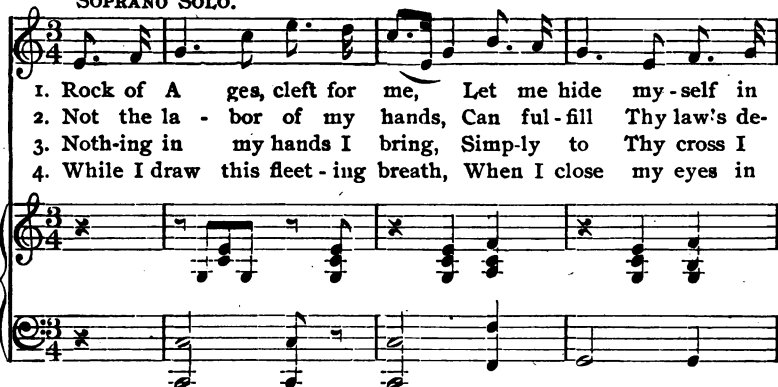
guilt a-way, O, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine,
love to Thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O, bear me safe a-bove, A ran-somed soul.

No. 11.

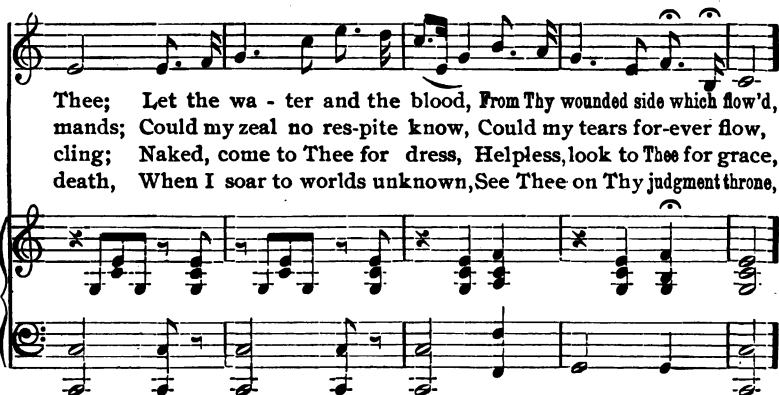
Rock of Ages.

Andante
SOPRANO SOLO.

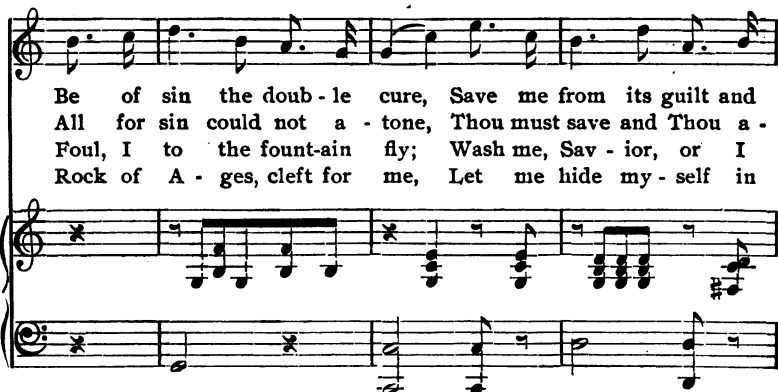
H. P. CLACK.



1. Rock of A ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands, Can ful-fill Thy law's de-
 3. Noth-ing in my hands I bring, Simp-ly to Thy cross I
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When I close my eyes in



Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
 mands; Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for-ever flow,
 cling; Naked, come to Thee for dress, Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
 death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,



Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and
 All for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save and Thou a -
 Foul, I to the fount-ain fly; Wash me, Sav - ior, or I
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in

Rock of Ages.—Concluded.

rit.

pow'r; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
 lone; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
 die; Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee.
 Thee; When the toils of life are past, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 12. The Glorious Light. C. M.

JOHN H. MORRISON.

LOWELL MASON.

1. The race that long in darkness pined Has seen a glorious Light;
 2. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
 3. His name shall be the Prince of peace, For - ev - er - more a-dored;
 4. His pow'r in-creas-ing still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;

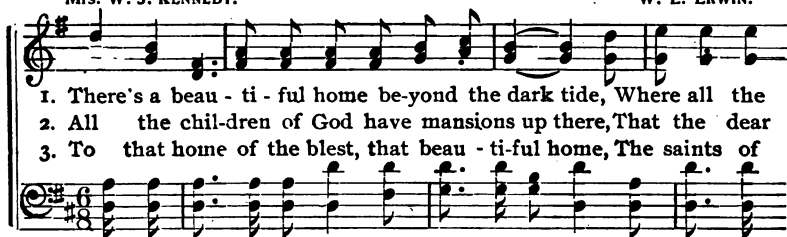
The peo - ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surrounding night.
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun - sel - or, The great and might-y Lord.
 Jus - tice shall guard His throne a - bove, And peace a-bound be-low.

The peo-ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surrounding night.
 Him shall the tribes of earth o - bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
 The Won - der - ful, the Coun-sel - or, The great and might-y Lord.
 Jus - tice shall guard His throne above, And peace a-bound be - low.

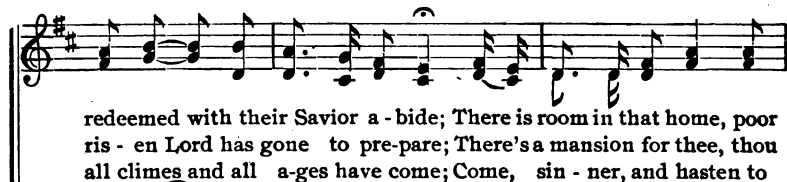
No. 13. The Beautiful Home.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

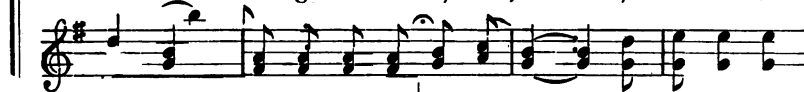
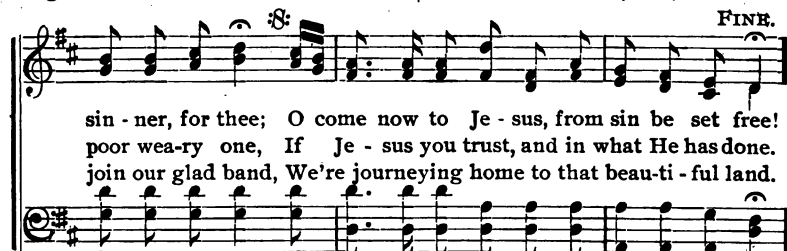
W. E. ERWIN.



1. There's a beau - ti - ful home be-yond the dark tide, Where all the
 2. All the chil-dren of God have mansions up there, That the dear
 3. To that home of the blest, that beau - ti-ful home, The saints of



redeemed with their Savior a - bid; There is room in that home, poor
 ris - en Lord has gone to pre-pare; There's a mansion for thee, thou
 all climes and all a-ges have come; Come, sin - ner, and hasten to

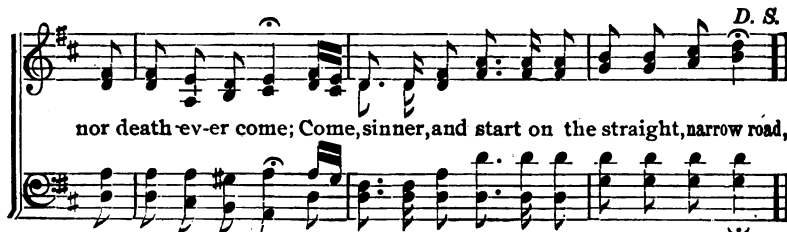
sin - ner, for thee; O come now to Je - sus, from sin be set free!
 poor wea-ry one, If Je - sus you trust, and in what He has done.
 join our glad band, We're journeying home to that beau-ti - ful land.

D. S.—That leads to this hap - py and peace-ful a - bode.

CHORUS.



O beau - ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, Where sorrow, nor pain,

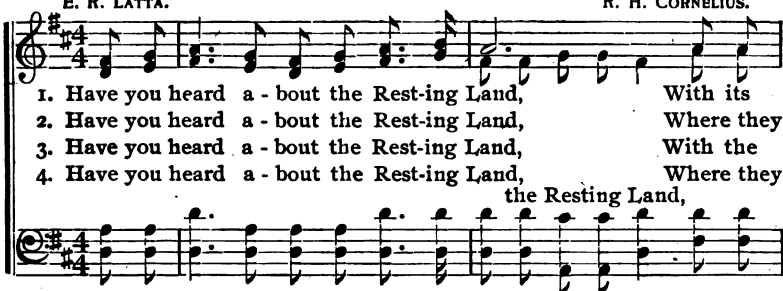


nor death ev-er come; Come, sinner, and start on the straight, narrow road,

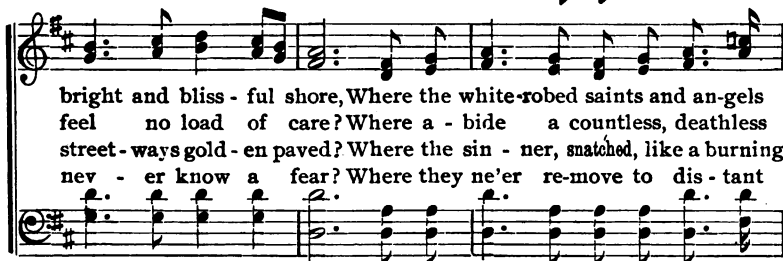
No. 14. The Resting Land.

E. R. LATTI.

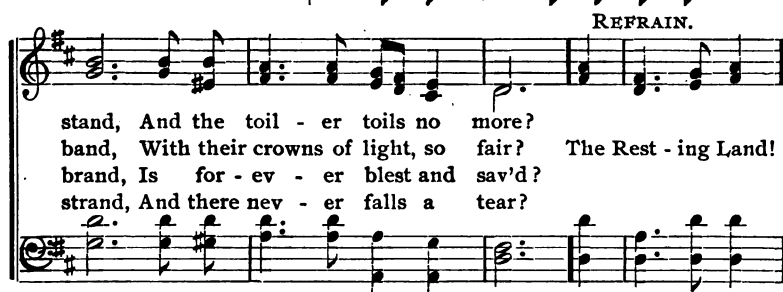
R. H. CORNELIUS.



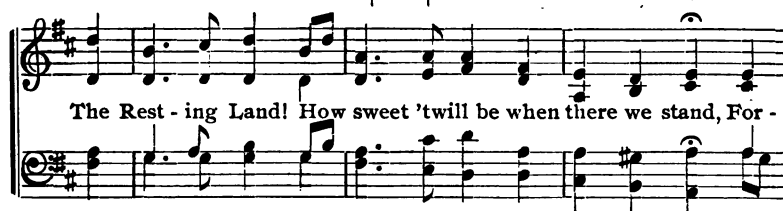
1. Have you heard a - bout the Rest-ing Land, With its
 2. Have you heard a - bout the Rest-ing Land, Where they
 3. Have you heard a - bout the Rest-ing Land, With the
 4. Have you heard a - bout the Rest-ing Land, Where they
 the Resting Land,



bright and bliss - ful shore, Where the white-robed saints and an-gels
 feel no load of care? Where a - bid - e a countless, deathless
 street - ways gold - en paved? Where the sin - ner, snatch - ed, like a burning
 nev - er know a fear? Where they ne'er re-move to dis - tant



REFRAIN.
 stand, And the toil - er toils no more?
 band, With their crowns of light, so fair? The Rest - ing Land!
 brand, Is for - ev - er blest and sav'd?
 strand, And there nev - er falls a tear?



The Rest - ing Land! How sweet 'twill be when there we stand, For -



ev - er-more, at God's right hand, For-ev - er-more, at God's right hand.

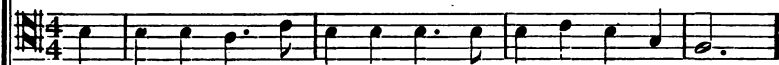
No. 15.

Watch and Pray.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



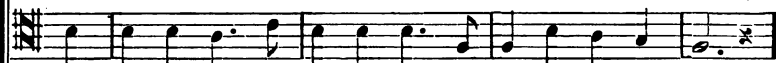
1. Go, watch and pray! Thou canst not tell How near thine hour may be;
2. Fond youth, while free from blighting care, Does thy firm pulse beat high?



3. Thou aged man, life's wint'ry storm Hath sear'd thy vernal bloom;



Thou canst not know how soon the bell May toll its notes for thee!
Do hopes' glad vis-ions bright and fair, Di - late be - fore thine eye?



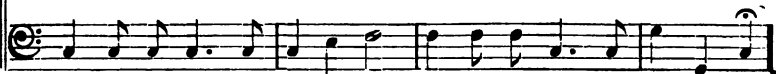
With trembling limbs and wasting form Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb;



Death's countless snares be-set thy way; Frail child of earth, go, watch and pray.
Soon these must change, must pass a-way; Frail child of earth, go, watch and pray.



And . can vain hope lead thee astray? Lo! wea-ry pil - grim, watch and pray.



Watch and Pray.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Watch and pray, watch and pray, Frail child of

Watch and pray, watch and pray,

earth, go, watch and pray.
Frail child of earth, go, watch and pray.

No. 16. Suffering Savior. S. M.

BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

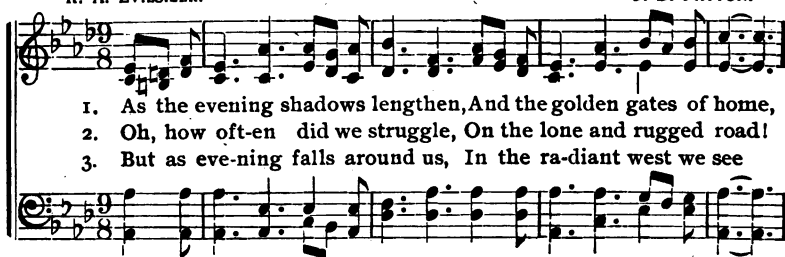
1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears An - gels with won - der see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear;

Let floods of pen - i - tential grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
Be thou as-ton-ished, O my soul, He shed those tears for me.
In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there.

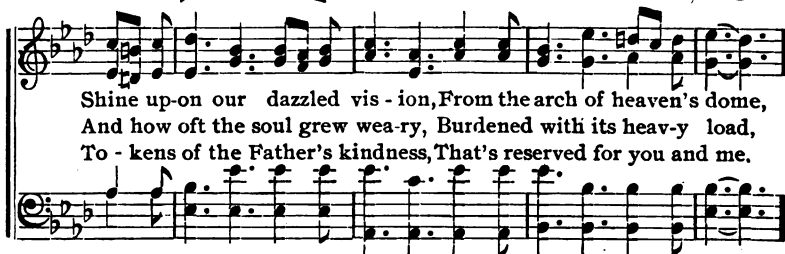
No. 17. Mid Evening Shadows.

R. A. EVILSIZER.

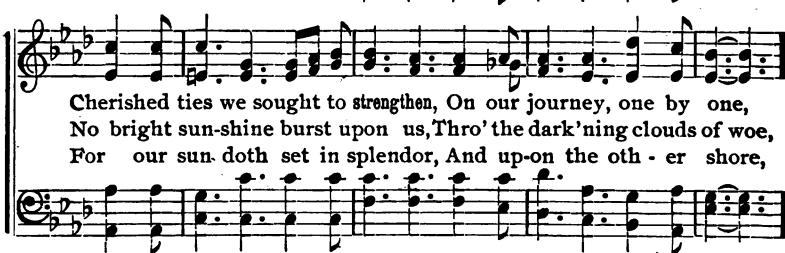
J. D. PATTON.



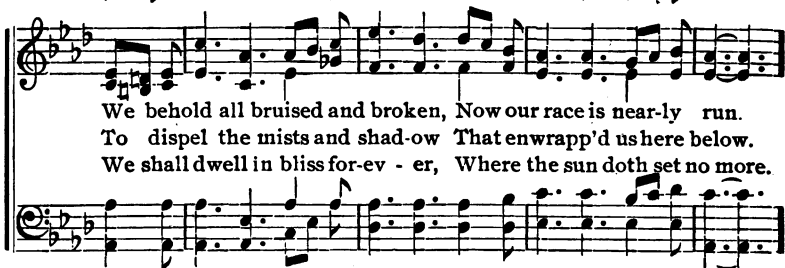
1. As the evening shadows lengthen, And the golden gates of home,
2. Oh, how oft-en did we struggle, On the lone and rugged road!
3. But as eve-ning falls around us, In the ra-diant west we see



Shine up-on our daz-zled vis-ion, From the arch of heaven's dome,
And how oft the soul grew wea-ry, Burdened with its heav-y load,
To- kens of the Father's kindness, That's reserved for you and me,



Cherished ties we sought to strengthen, On our journey, one by one,
No bright sun-shine burst upon us, Thro' the dark'ning clouds of woe,
For our sun-doth set in splendor, And up-on the oth-er shore,



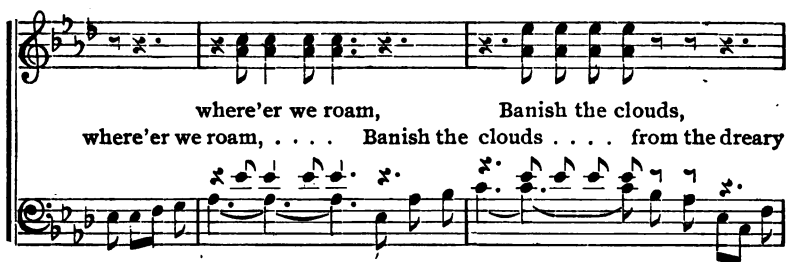
We behold all bruised and broken, Now our race is near-ly run.
To dispel the mists and shad-ow That enwrapp'd us here below.
We shall dwell in bliss-for-ev-er, Where the sun doth set no more.

REFRAIN.

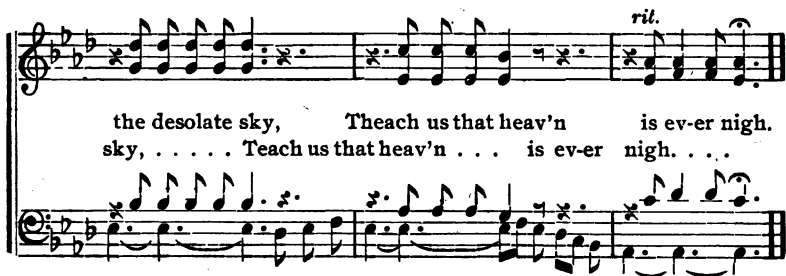


Beautiful golden light of home, Shine on our path,
Beautiful gold-en light of home, Shine on our path,

Mid Evening Shadows.—Concluded.



where'er we roam, Banish the clouds,
where'er we roam, . . . Banish the clouds . . . from the dreary



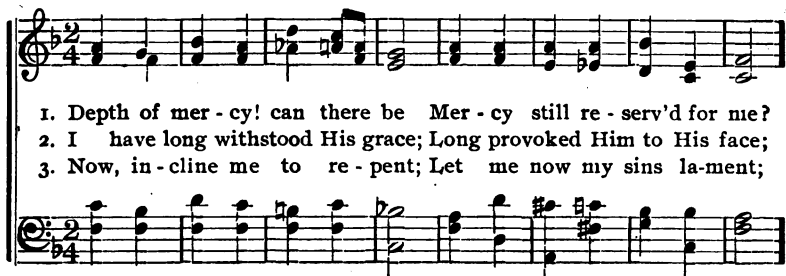
rit.
the desolate sky, Teach us that heav'n is ev-er nigh.
sky, Teach us that heav'n . . . is ev-er nigh. . . .

No. 18. Depth of Mercy.

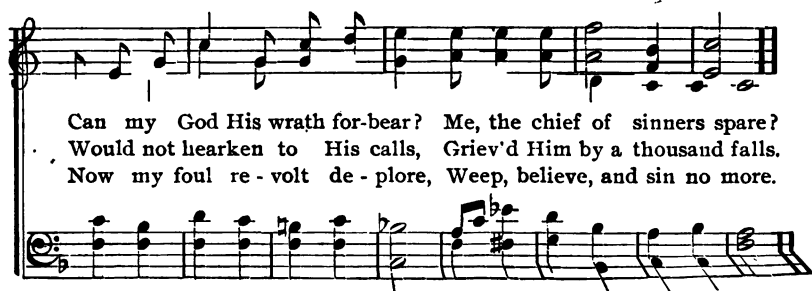
Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

(SEYMOUR. 7s.)

C. M. VON WEBER.



1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-serv'd for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now, in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;



Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sinners spare?
Would not hearken to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.

No. 19. Savior, Help Me to Be True.

JENNIE WILSON.
SOLO.


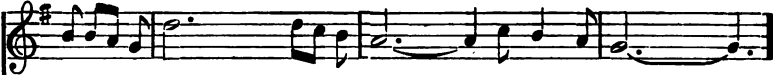
H. P. CLACK.




1. Sav - ior, help me to be true, As a
2. Foes with - out and foes with - in, Oft - en
3. Let me find a con - stant stay, In Thy
4. Trusting, pray - - ing as I go, Till the




fol - - low - er of Thee; Let what - e'er
times my soul as - sail; Let the e - - -
strength when I am weak; Teach my spir - -
home - - land meets my view, Let Thy light

I say and do To Thy glo - ry ev - er be.
vil pow'r of sin Nev - er o - ver me pre - vail.
it day by day Manna from . . . a - bove to seek.
within me glow, Sav - ior, help . . . me to be true.



Savior, Help Me to Be True.—Concluded.

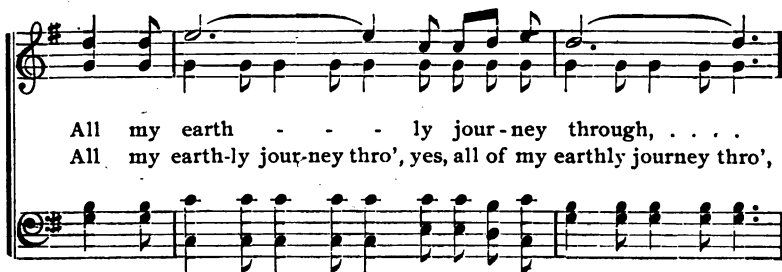
CHORUS.



Sav - ior, help me to be true,
Sav - ior, help me to be true, yes, kind-ly help me to be true,



Keep me in Thy care di - vine,
Keep me in Thy care di-vine, so ten-der-ly in Thy care di-vine,



All my earth - - - ly jour-ney through,
All my earth-ly jour-ney thro', yes, all of my earthly journey thro',

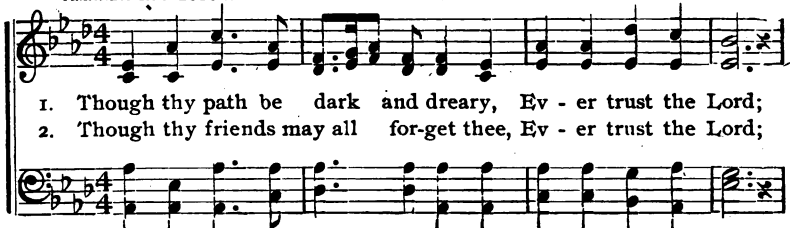


Close-ly hold my hand in Thine.
Close-ly hold my hand in Thine, dear Savior, hold my hand in Thine.

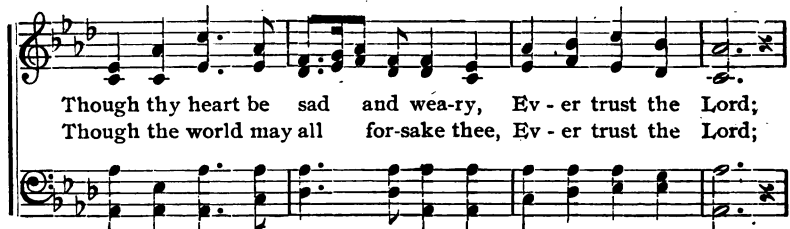
No. 20. Ever Trust the Lord.

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

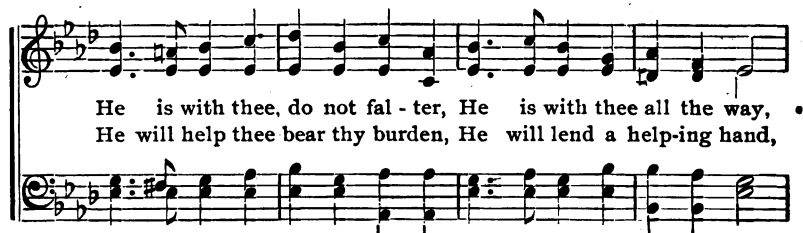
EDWIN MOORE



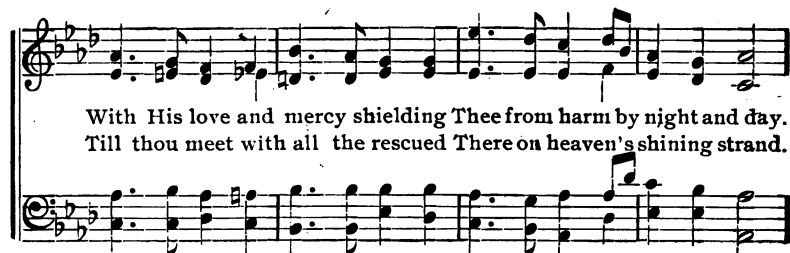
1. Though thy path be dark and dreary, Ev - er trust the Lord;
2. Though thy friends may all for-get thee, Ev - er trust the Lord;



Though thy heart be sad and wea-ry, Ev - er trust the Lord;
Though the world may all for-sake thee, Ev - er trust the Lord;



He is with thee, do not fal - ter, He is with thee all the way,
He will help thee bear thy burden, He will lend a helping hand,



With His love and mercy shielding Thee from harm by night and day.
Till thou meet with all the rescued There on heaven's shining strand.

CHORUS.



Trust, trust the Lord, trust, trust the Lord, Sing His praises, sing His love;

Ever Trust the Lord,—Concluded,

He will guide thee, safe - ly bring thee To the heav'nly home above.

No. 21. Shall We Sing Again Together?

L. MCHAN.

J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. Shall we sing a-gain to - geth-er Prais - es to our heav'nly King?
2. Shall we sing a-gain to - geth-er, When the toils of life are o'er,
3. Shall we sing a-gain to - geth-er Where all tears are wiped a-way,
4. Shall we sing a-gain to - geth-er When we reach the heav'nly goal,

Nor be part - ed from Him ev-er, Thro' His ev - er-last-ing reign?
 On the shores of life's fair riv-er, With our loved ones gone before?
 When the ransom'd meet each other In that blest e-ter - nal day?
 Songs of joy and praise for-ev-er, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll?

REFRAIN.

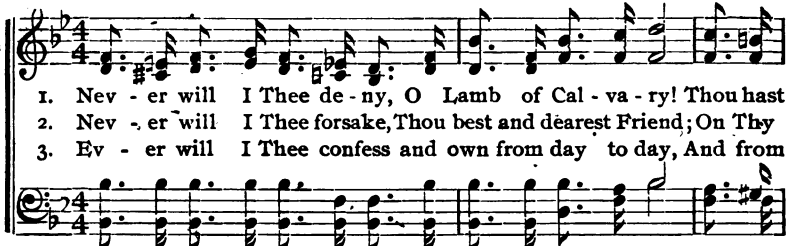
Shall we sing, shall we sing, With each oth-er shall we sing?
 shall we sing, shall we sing,

When we've pass'd beyond death's river Shall we meet a-gain to sing?

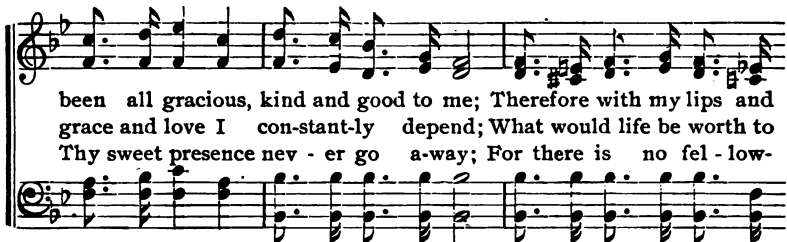
No. 22. Dear Lord, I Confess.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

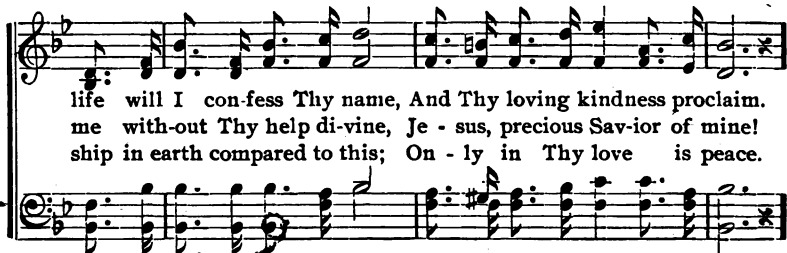
H. P. CLACK.



1. Nev - er will I Thee de - ny, O Lamb of Cal - va - ry! Thou hast
 2. Nev - er will I Thee forsake, Thou best and dearest Friend; On Thy
 3. Ev - er will I Thee confess and own from day to day, And from

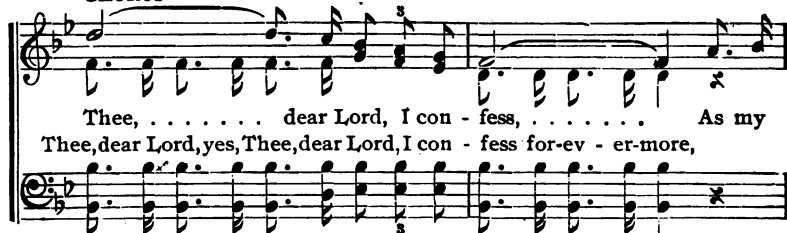


been all gracious, kind and good to me; Therefore with my lips and
 grace and love I con - stant - ly depend; What would life be worth to
 Thy sweet presence nev - er go a - way; For there is no fel - low -

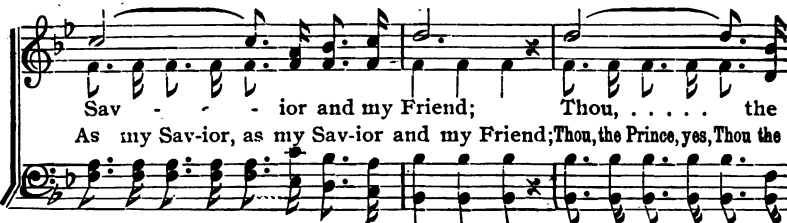


life will I con - fess Thy name, And Thy loving kindness proclaim.
 me with - out Thy help di - vine, Je - sus, precious Sav - ior of mine!
 ship in earth compared to this; On - ly in Thy love is peace.

CHORUS.



Thee, dear Lord, I con - fess, As my
 Thee, dear Lord, yes, Thee, dear Lord, I con - fess for - ev - er - more,



Sav - ior and my Friend; Thou, the
 As my Sav - ior, as my Sav - ior and my Friend; Thou, the Prince, yes, Thou the

Dear Lord, I Confess.—Concluded.

Prince of my peace I will serve un-til life's end.
 Prince of my peace, the Prince of peace I will serve un-til life's end, until life's end.

No. 23. Spread the Gospel News.

ADALYN. Refrain by H. P. C

H. P. CLACK.

1. Spread the gos-pel news a-round the world, Tell it where'er you go;
2. Bear the grand, good news beyond the sea, Tell it to those who mourn,
3. Tell the blessed news that Christ hath come, Suffered and bled and died,
4. Shout the tidings out with glad ac-claim, "Christ is our Lord and King!"

Let the gos-pel ban-ner be unfurl'd, O-ver friend and foe.
 How the Lamb once slain on Cal - va - ry, Ev - 'ry cross hath borne.
 And that all may gain a heav'nly home, Thro' Him cru-ci - fied.
 Oh, re-joyce and praise His ho - ly name, Till the heav-ens ring.

CHORUS.

Spread the news, . . . the blessed gospel news, Let it sound from shore to shore;
 Spread the news,

Those who heed, . . . nor at the call refuse, Shall be crown'd for-ev-er - more.
 Those who heed,

No. 24.

The City of Gold.

Unknown.

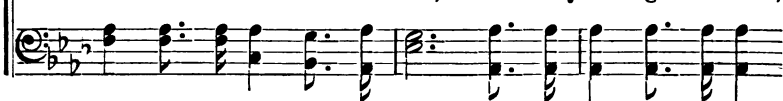
Harmonized by E. R.



1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val-ley of death, And its
2. There's the King, our Re-deem-er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. In that cit - y of light where the sun nev-er sets, The in-
4. Go and teach ye all na - tions the Savior commands, Who-so-
5. Go - ing forth in His name all our needs are supplied, In this



glo - ries can nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets,
 faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the right-eous for - ev-
 hab - i - tants nev - er grow old, There, no sor - row, no sick-
 ev - er will may come we're told, And be saved by His grace,
 life we re-ceive hun-dred fold, With re-joic - ing we'll come,

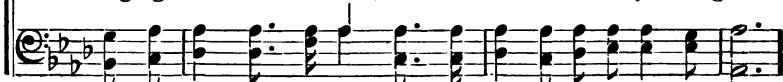


D. S.—eyes of the faith-



FINE.

and the leaves nev - er fade, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.
 er shall shine like the stars, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.
 ness, no death ev - er comes, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.
 share with us in His love, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold.
 bringing sheaves for the Lord, In that beau-ti-ful cit-y of gold,



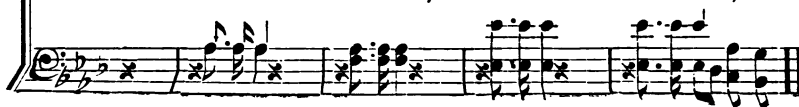
ful their Sav - ior be-hold, In that beau-ti-ful cit - y of gold.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



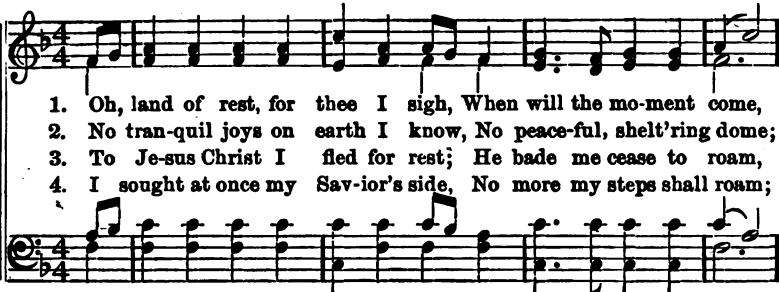
Where the sun nev-er sets, and the leaves nev-er fade, Where the
 Where the sun never sets, and the leaves never fade,



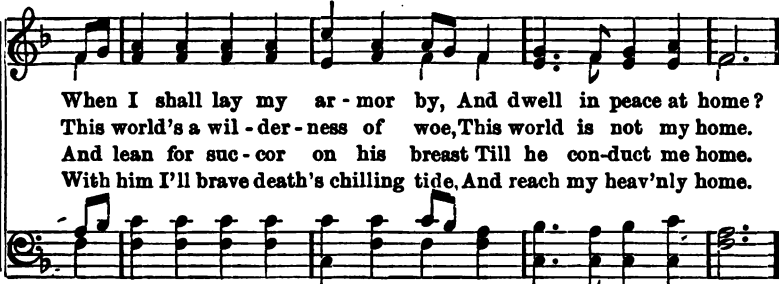
No. 25. We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr WM. MILLER,
Arr. by W. J. K., 1859.

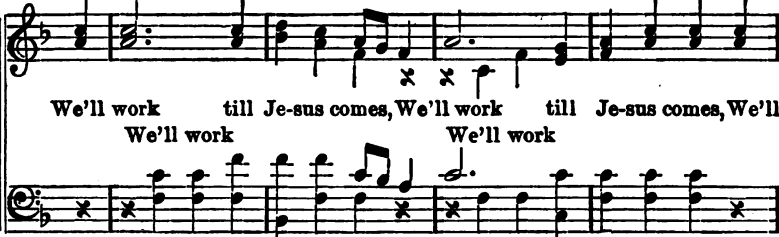


1. Oh, land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo-ment come,
2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'ring dome;
3. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
4. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;



When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.
And lean for suc-cor on his breast Till he con-duct me home.
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.



We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
We'll work We'll work



work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath-ered home.
We'll work

By permission,

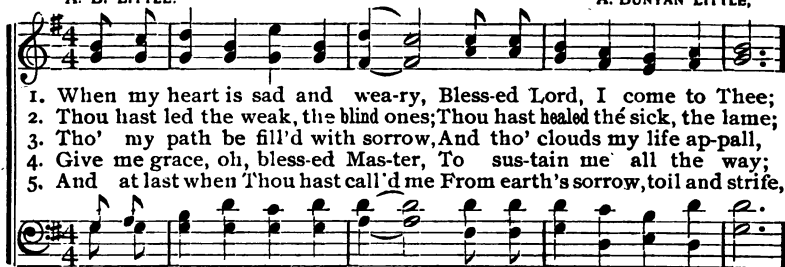
No. 26.

Willie.

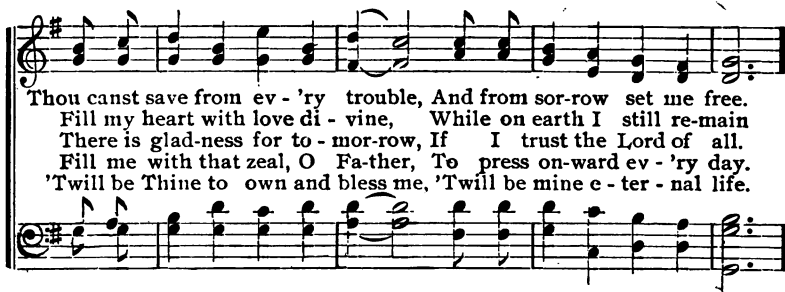
(Respectfully dedicated to my Wife, Willie. 2-6, '99, Arkadelphia.)

A. B. LITTLE.

A. BUNYAN LITTLE,



1. When my heart is sad and wea-ry, Bless-ed Lord, I come to Thee;
 2. Thou hast led the weak, the blind ones; Thou hast healed the sick, the lame;
 3. Tho' my path be fill'd with sorrow, And tho' clouds my life ap-pall,
 4. Give me grace, oh, bless-ed Mas-ter, To sus-tain me all the way;
 5. And at last when Thou hast call'd me From earth's sorrow, toil and strife,



Thou canst save from ev-'ry trouble, And from sor-row set me free.
 Fill my heart with love di-vine, While on earth I still re-main
 There is glad-ness for to-mor-row, If I trust the Lord of all.
 Fill me with that zeal, O Fa-ther, To press on-ward ev-'ry day.
 'Twill be Thine to own and bless me, 'Twill be mine e-ter-nal life.

REFRAIN.



Bless-ed Lord, I come to Thee, From my
 Bless-ed Lord, I come to Thee, I come to Thee, From my
 sor-row set me free, Guard and guide . . .
 sorrow set me free, from my sor-row set me free, Guard and guide
 me all the way, Turn the night . . . to per-fect day.
 me all the way, all the way, Turn the night to perfect, perfect day.

No. 27. Tell Me of the Prince of Peace.

E. R. LATTA.

R. D. BURLESON.



1. Tell me, in my youthful days, Of the Savior's truth and grace!
2. In each dark and troubled hour, When I strive with Satan's pow'r,
3. If my lot, be-low, be hard, He will me, in heav'n, reward;
4. He is might-y to re-deem All who put their trust in Him;



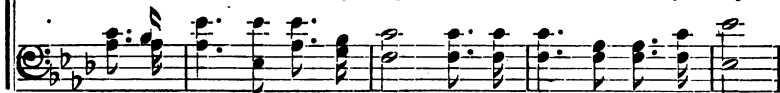
I His faith-ful child would be, For I know He died for me.
That my soul may find re-lease, Tell me of the Prince of Peace!
From the guilt of sin He frees; Tell me of the Prince of Peace!
He's the Lord of lands and seas, Tell me of the Prince of Peace!



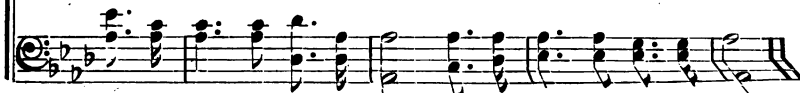
REFRAIN.



Tell me, tell me ev-ry day! I will hearken what you say!




Till my life on earth shall cease, Tell me of the Prince of Peace!



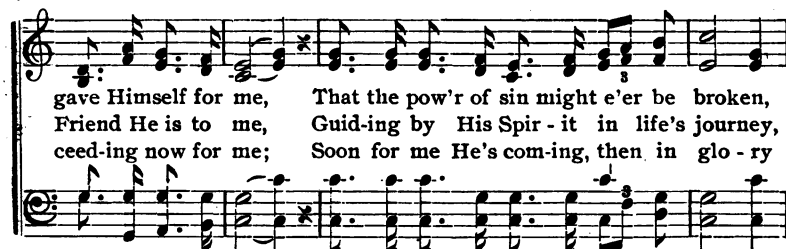
No. 28. Jesus is My Savior.

F. S. SHEPARD.

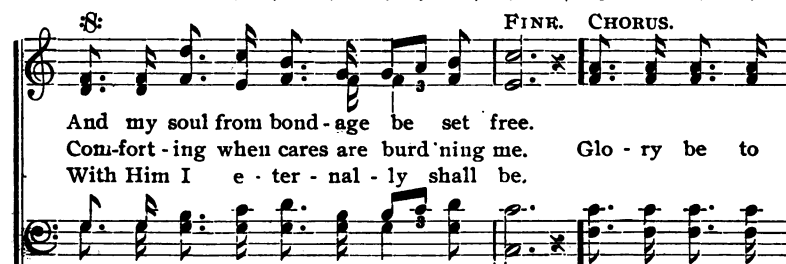
H. P. CLACK.



1. Je - sus is my Sav - ior, hal - le - lu - jah! On the cross He
 2. Je - sus is my Sav - ior, hal - le - lu - jah! And a pre - cious
 3. Je - sus is my Sav - ior, hal - le - lu - jah! Ev - er in - ter -

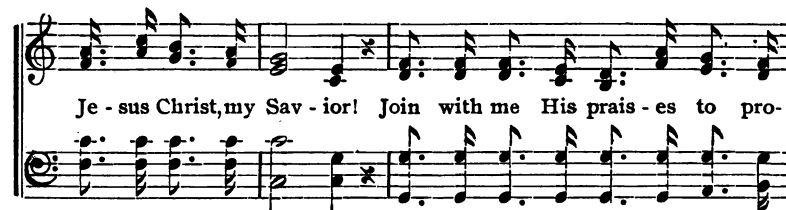


gave Himself for me, That the pow'r of sin might e'er be broken,
 Friend He is to me, Guid-ing by His Spir - it in life's journey,
 ceed-ing now for me; Soon for me He's com-ing, then in glo - ry




And my soul from bond - age be set free.
 Com-fort - ing when cares are burd'ning me. Glo - ry be to
 With Him I e - ter - nal - ly shall be.

D. S.—Glo-ry be un - to His ho - ly name.



Je - sus Christ, my Sav - ior! Join with me His prais - es to pro -



claim; What a Friend is Je - sus, hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 29. Is Thy Name Written There?

BIRDIE BELL.

H. A. MULLENIX.

1. God hath a beau-ti - ful Book on high, Is thy name written there?
 2. Changeless that Record of endless life, Is thy name written there?
 3. Ma - ny its pa - ges so pure and white, Is thy name written there?
 4. Some day the wonderful Book will end, Is thy name written there?

Up in the mansions beyond the sky, Is thy name written there?
 In that blest land beyond care and strife, Is thy name written there?
 Writ - ten in let - ters of glowing light, Is thy name written there?
 When the last line by God's hand is penned, Is thy name written there?


Soul, do not long for a deathless fame, Let not earth's glories be thy life's aim,
 Soul, be not sad when the path is rough, O, do not grieve at the world's rebuff,
 Soul, look above when earth's joys decay, For in the land of e - ter - nal day
 Ah! if He never hath traced thy name, Let Him to - day thy lost soul reclaim,

Heav'nly inheritance thou shalt claim If thy name's written there.
 For thee wait pleasures and joys enough, If thy name's written there.
 Treasures are thine which will last for aye, If thy name's written there.
 For thy sal - va - tion the Savior came; Is thy name written there?

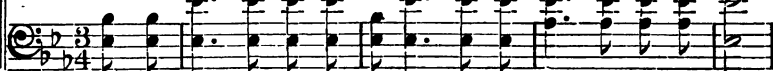

No. 30. Christmas Hymn.

ANON



J. B. HERRING.





1. Soft - ly, soft-ly thro' the midnight Let the bells their message ring;
 2. On - ly Bethlehem shepherds, watching By their flocks up - on the hill,
 3. And the busy throng mov'd onward, Knowing not, and heeding less.

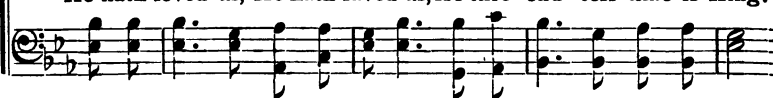
All the earth is hush'd and silent—'Tis the birth-day of the King.
 Heard the hosts of an - gels singing 'Peace on earth, to men good-will.
 Now the world kneels, trusting, prayerful, Knowing that He came to bless.

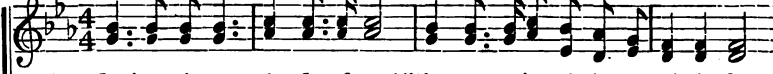
In a man - ger poor and lowly Was the Christ Child's cradle nest.
 Strange the si - lent world could slumber, Strange that cit - y quaint and still
 Glad - ly, glad - ly thro' the stillness, Let the joy - ful mes-sage ring.

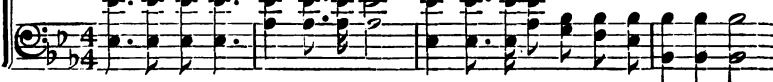
He, the Rul - er, Lord and Savior, In no roy - al robes was dressed.
 Felt no deep - er pulse a - wak-en, Felt no high - er, ho - lier thrill!
 He hath loved us, He hath saved us, He thro' end - less time is King!



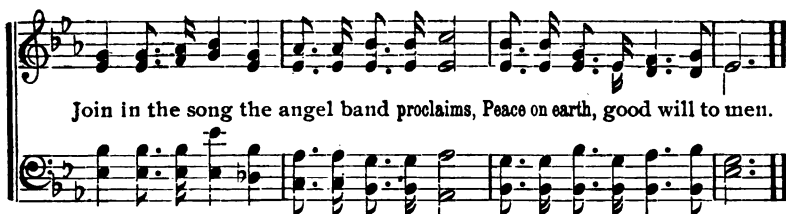
REFRAIN.



Sound His praises o'er land and sea Till ev'ry nation shall from sin be free.



Christmas Hymn.—Concluded.

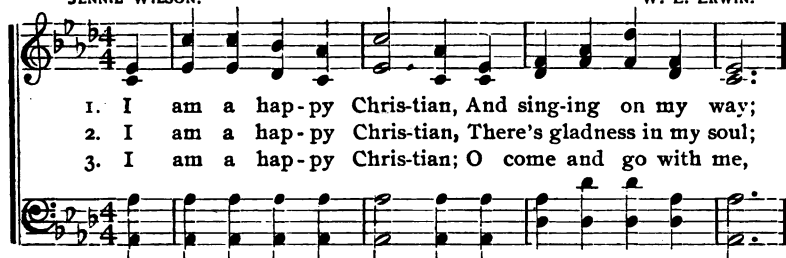


Join in the song the angel band proclaims, Peace on earth, good will to men.

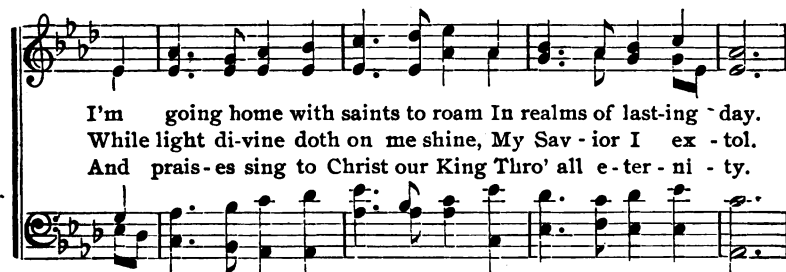
No. 31. I Am a Happy Christian.

JENNIE WILSON.

W. E. ERWIN.

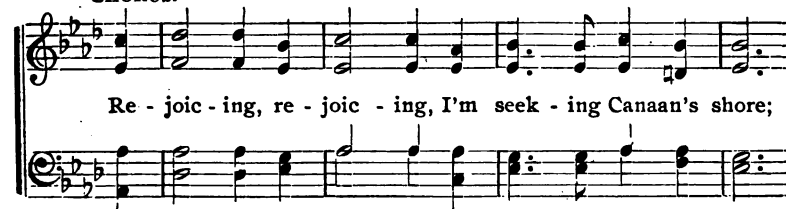


1. I am a hap-py Chris-tian, And sing-ing on my way;
2. I am a hap-py Chris-tian, There's gladness in my soul;
3. I am a hap-py Chris-tian; O come and go with me,

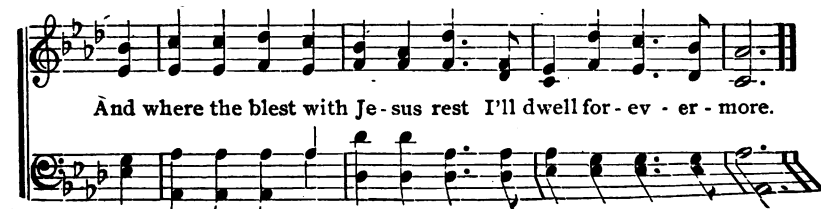


I'm going home with saints to roam In realms of last-ing day.
While light di-vine doth on me shine, My Sav-ior I ex-tol.
And prais-es sing to Christ our King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

CHORUS.



Re-joic-ing, re-joic-ing, I'm seek-ing Canaan's shore;



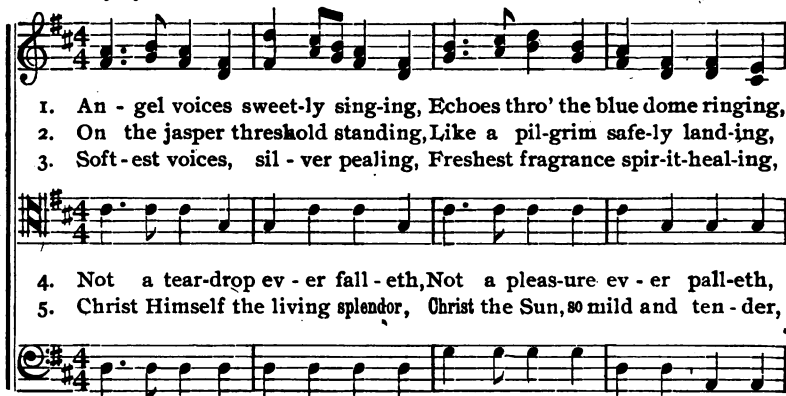
And where the blest with Je-sus rest I'll dwell for-ev-er-more.

No. 32.

Angel Voices.

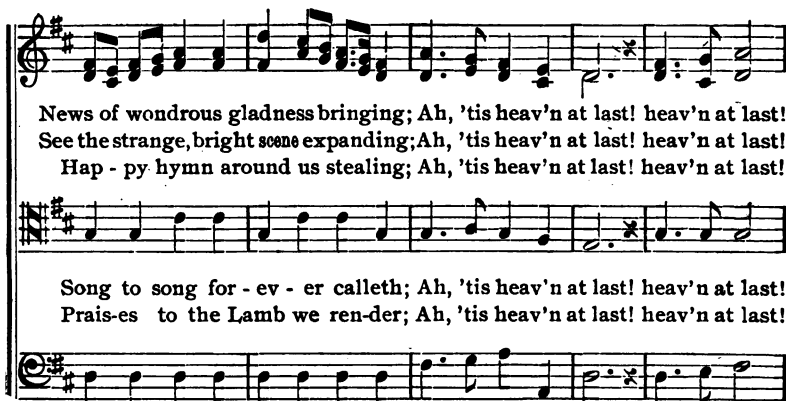
Cheerfully.

L. O. EMERSON, 1899.



1. An - gel voices sweet-ly sing-ing, Echoes thro' the blue dome ringing,
 2. On the jasper threshold standing, Like a pil-grim safe-ly land-ing,
 3. Soft-est voices, sil - ver pealing, Freshest fragrance spir-it-heal-ing,

4. Not a tear-drop ev - er fall - eth, Not a pleas-ure ev - er pall-eth,
 5. Christ Himself the living splendor, Christ the Sun, so mild and ten - der,



News of wondrous gladness bringing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! heav'n at last!
 See the strange, bright scene expanding; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! heav'n at last!
 Hap - py hymn around us stealing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! heav'n at last!

Song to song for - ev - er calleth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! heav'n at last!
 Prais-es to the Lamb we ren-der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! heav'n at last!



Heav'n at last! O the joy - ful, joy-ful sto - ry of heav'n at last!

Heav'n at last! O the joy - ful, joy-ful sto - ry of heav'n at last!

Angel Voices.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



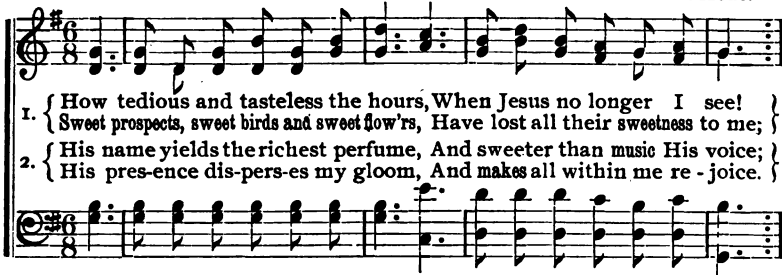
Heav'n at last! heav'n at last! Endless, endless boundless glory in heav'n at last.

Heav'n at last! heav'n at last! Endless, endless boundless glory in heav'n at last.

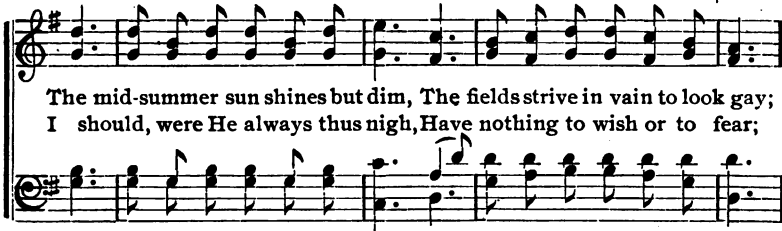
No. 33.

De Fleury.

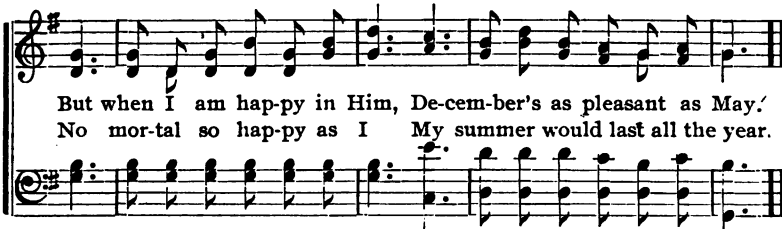
DE FLEURY.



1. { How tedious and tasteless the hours, When Jesus no longer I see! }
 { Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me; }
 2. { His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music His voice; }
 { His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all within me re-joice. }



The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;



But when I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap-py as I My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blessed with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If Thou art my Sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long?
 O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore,
 Or take me unto Thee on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

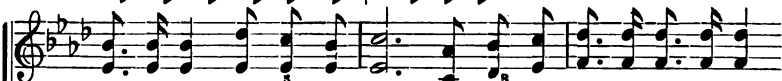
No. 34. Beautiful Summer.

JENNIE WILSON.

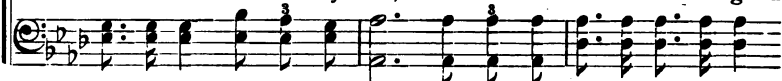
H. P. CLACK.



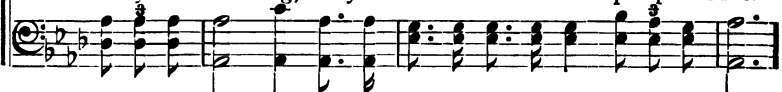
1. Glad-ly will we sing of thee, beau-ti-ful summer, As a - gain we
2. On the balm-y air is borne fragrance of flowers, From their chal-ic-
3. Light-winged, care-free birds of song warble in gladness, As with tuneful
4. Let our grateful hearts rejoice in each rich blessing, Kindly Sum-mer



greet thy fair ra - di - ant face; Whis-per-ing breez-es of thy sweet
es so pure yield-ing per-fume, Of - fer - ing incense on broad plains
notes they join in the re - frain, Na - ture up-lifts with free accord,
that is now lav-ished by thee, . Ev - er the boundless source of good



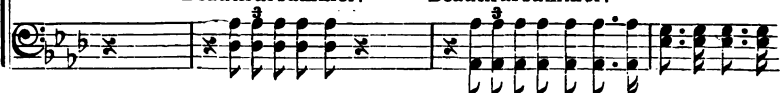
love - li-ness mur - mur, Wa-ters gliding on their way tell of thy grace.
and from leaf-clad bow'rs Un - to Him whose voice divine bade them to bloom.
ban - ish-ing sad - ness By the mel - o-dy that cheers all thy domain.
humb-ly con-fess - ing, May we in all nature God's pur-pos-es see.



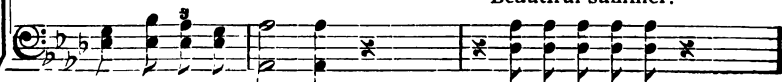
REFRAIN.



Beau-ti-ful sum - mer! beautiful sum - mer! Welcome to the precious
Beautiful summer! Beautiful summer!



gifts now thou art bringing; Beau-ti-ful sum - - mer! Beau-ti-ful
Beautiful summer!



Beautiful Summer. —Concluded.

sum - mer, With Thy praise the smiling earth daily will ring.
Beautiful summer, daily will ring.

No. 35. When at the River Crossing.

E. R. LATTA.

E. D. CURRY.

1. When, at the riv - er cross-ing, Where we must say fare - well,
2. When, at the riv - er cross-ing, Up - on earth's crumbling shore,
3. When, at the riv - er cross-ing, Where all the saints have stood,
4. When, at the riv - er cross-ing, Tho' dread it may have seemed,

To friends we leave be-hind us, Oh, how our hearts shall swell!
Shall we not be af-fright-ed, At Jor-dan's threat'ning roar?
Shall we be met by an - gels, To bear us o'er the flood?
Our spir - its shall be hap-py, If we have been re - deemed!

REFRAIN.

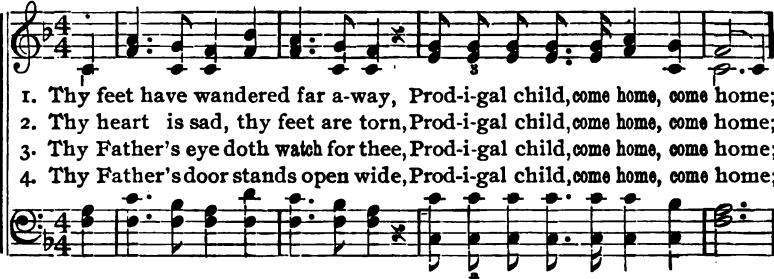
Oh, say, shall we be read-y, When, there, our souls shall stand?

Oh, say, shall we be read-y, To cross to Canaan's Land?

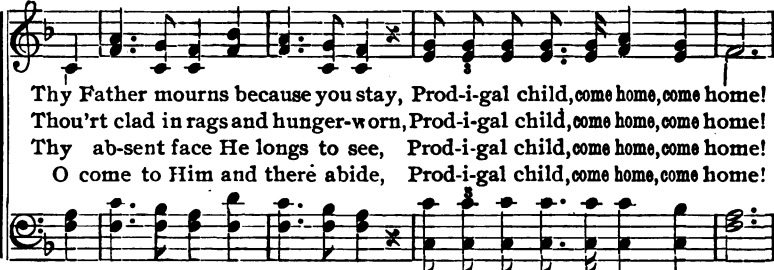
No. 36. The Prodigal Astray.

ADALYN.

H. P. CLACK.




1. Thy feet have wandered far a-way, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home;
 2. Thy heart is sad, thy feet are torn, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home;
 3. Thy Father's eye doth watch for thee, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home;
 4. Thy Father's door stands open wide, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home;

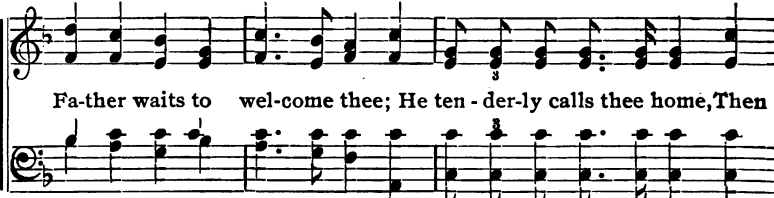


Thy Father mourns because you stay, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home!
 Thou'rt clad in rags and hunger-worn, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home!
 Thy ab-sent face He longs to see, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home!
 O come to Him and there abide, Prod-i-gal child, come home, come home!

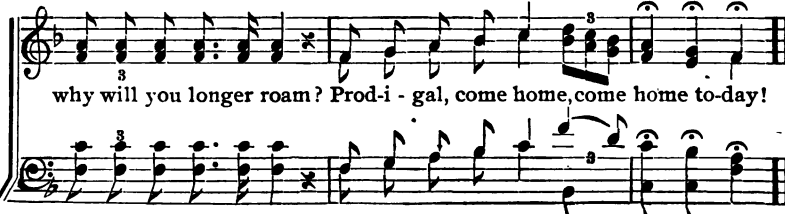
REFRAIN.



Oh, wan-der-ing child, a-stray In fol-ly and sin to-day, Thy



Fa-ther waits to wel-come thee; He ten-der-ly calls thee home, Then

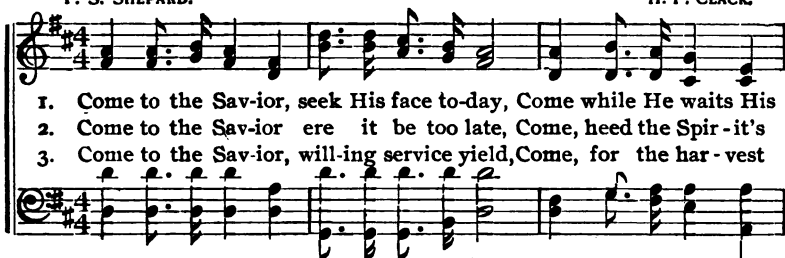


why will you longer roam? Prod-i-gal, come home, come home to-day!

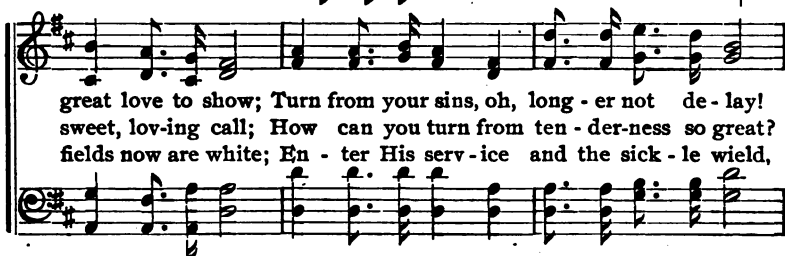
No. 37. Come to the Savior.

F. S. SHEPARD.


H. P. CLACK.



1. Come to the Sav-ior, seek His face to-day, Come while He waits His
2. Come to the Sav-ior ere it be too late, Come, heed the Spir-it's
3. Come to the Sav-ior, will-ing service yield, Come, for the har-vest




great love to show; Turn from your sins, oh, long - er not de - lay!
sweet, lov-ing call; How can you turn from ten - der-ness so great?
fields now are white; En - ter His serv-ice and the sick - le wield,

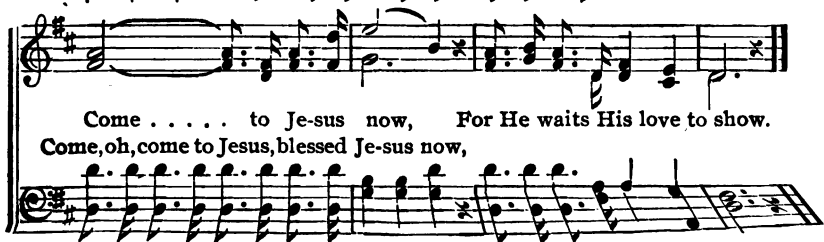


REFRAIN.

Come His lov - ing fa - vor know. Come, oh, come to
Come at Je - sus' feet now fall.
Soon will fall the shades of night. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,



Je - sus, come, oh, come to Je - sus;
come just now, Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, come just now.

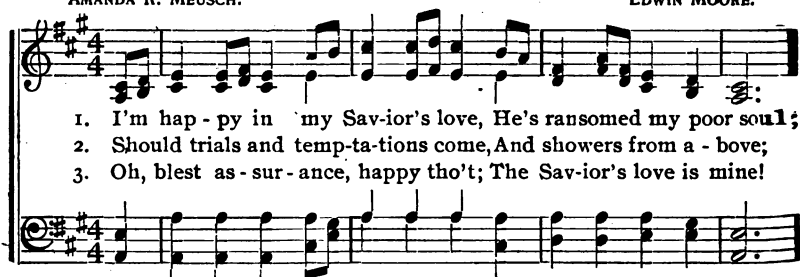


Come to Je - sus now, For He waits His love to show.
Come, oh, come to Jesus, blessed Je - sus now,

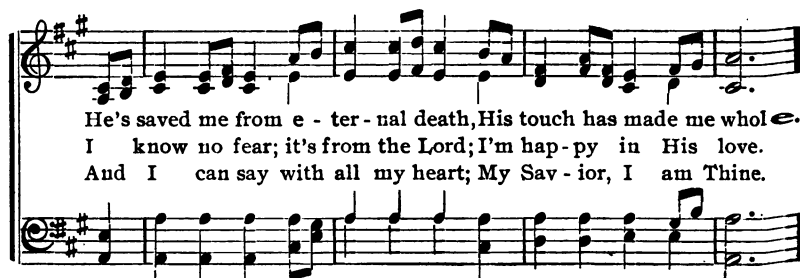
No. 38. I'm Happy in My Savior's Love.

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

EDWIN MOORE.



1. I'm hap - py in my Sav - ior's love, He's ransomed my poor soul;
2. Should trials and temp - ta - tions come, And showers from a - bove;
3. Oh, blest as - sur - ance, happy tho't; The Sav - ior's love is mine!

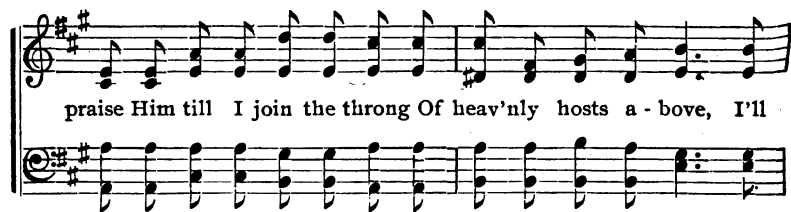


He's saved me from e - ter - nal death, His touch has made me whol - e.
I know no fear; it's from the Lord; I'm hap - py in His love.
And I can say with all my heart; My Sav - ior, I am Thine.

CHORUS.



I'm hap - py, oh, I'm hap - py In my dear Sav - ior's love! I'll



praise Him till I join the throng Of heav'nly hosts a - bove, I'll



praise Him till I join the throng Of heav'nly hosts a - bove.

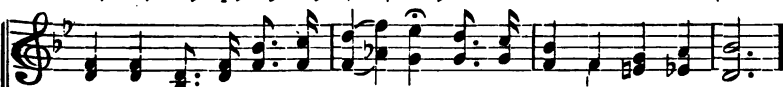
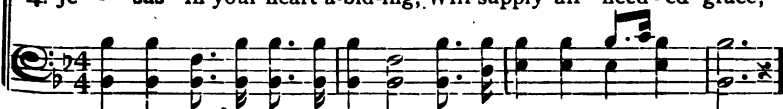
No. 39. Would You Win the Race?

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

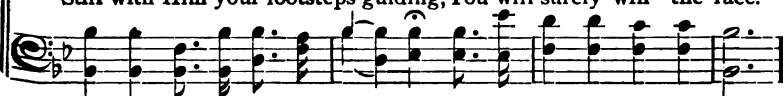
J. D. PATTON.



1. Would you win the race, my brother, There are weights that cling to you;
2. In the race, oh, be not wea-ry, But with patience still pur-sue;
3. Like your Master, meek and humble, Count all earthly things as dross;
4. Je - sus in your heart a-bid-ing, Will supply all need-ed grace;



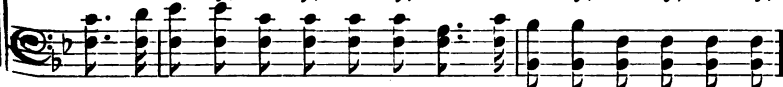
Let them not impede or both - er, In the work you have to do
Tho' the way is of - ten drear - y, Ev - er keep the goal in view.
In the race you shall not stum - ble, With your eyes upon the cross.
Still with Him your footsteps guiding, You will surely win the race.



REFRAIN.



Be not wea - ry, be not wea - ry,
Be not wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry, Be not wea ry, wea-ry, wea-ry,



Christ will give you needed grace, Though the road is
need - ed grace,



rough and drear - y, With His help you'll win the race.
the race.



No. 40. The Savior is Calling.

F. S. SHEPARD.

MALE QUARTET.

H. P. CLACK.



1. The Sav-ior is call-ing you, brother, Calling you home to-day;
2. The Sav-ior is call-ing you, brother, Back to the ways of right;
3. The Sav-ior is call-ing you, brother, In - to a life more great;
4. The Sav-ior is call-ing you, brother, Prom-is-ing great re - ward;



Oh, list to His kind in - vi - ta-tion, Turn from your sins a-way.
He plead-eth in ten-der com-pas-sion; Do not His mer-cy slight.
A life full of serv-ice and blessing; Why do you longer wait?
Rich blessings both present and future; Make Him then Christ and Lord.



REFRAIN.



The Sav-ior is calling you home, brother, Calling you home to-day;



The Sav-ior is calling you home, brother, Turn not from Him a-way.

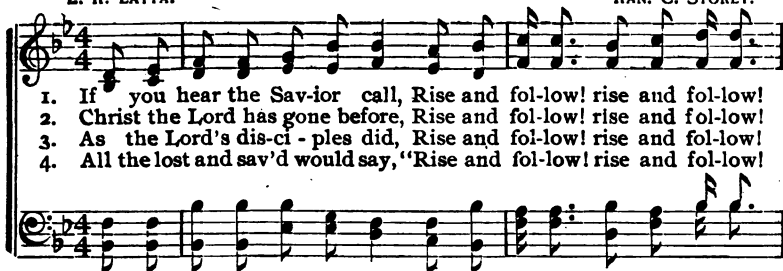


No. 41.

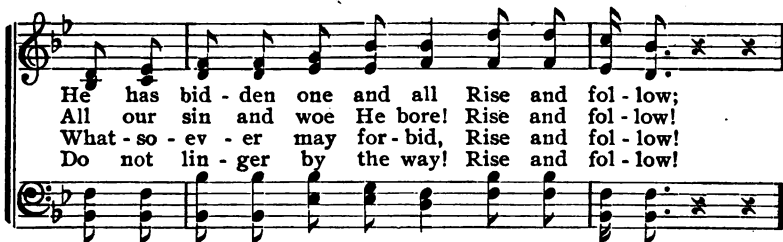
Rise and follow.

E. R. LATTA.

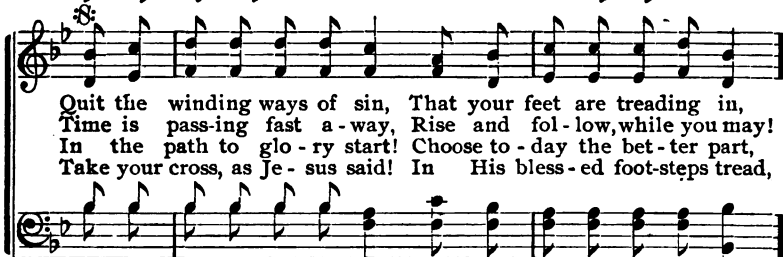
RAN. C. STOREY.



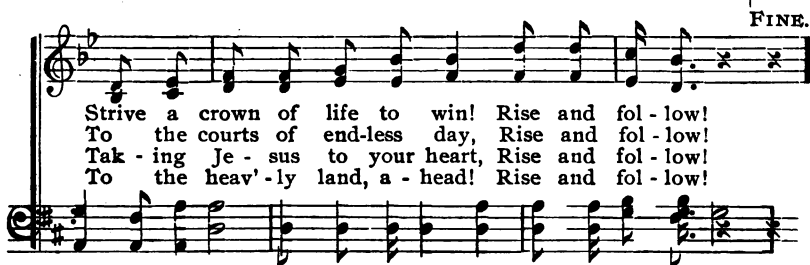
1. If you hear the Sav-ior call, Rise and fol-low! rise and fol-low!
 2. Christ the Lord has gone before, Rise and fol-low! rise and fol-low!
 3. As the Lord's dis-ci-ples did, Rise and fol-low! rise and fol-low!
 4. All the lost and sav'd would say, "Rise and fol-low! rise and fol-low!"



He has bid-den one and all Rise and fol-low;
 All our sin and woe He bore! Rise and fol-low!
 What-so-ev-er may for-bid, Rise and fol-low!
 Do not lin-ger by the way! Rise and fol-low!

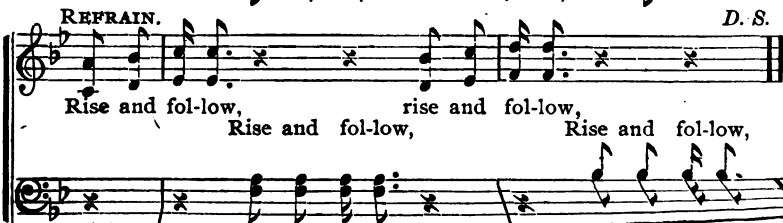


Quit the winding ways of sin, That your feet are treading in,
 Time is pass-ing fast a-way, Rise and fol-low, while you may!
 In the path to glo-ry start! Choose to-day the bet-ter part,
 Take your cross, as Je-sus said! In His bless-ed foot-steps tread,



FINE.

Strive a crown of life to win! Rise and fol-low!
 To the courts of end-less day, Rise and fol-low!
 Tak-ing Je-sus to your heart, Rise and fol-low!
 To the heav'-ly land, a-head! Rise and fol-low!




REFRAIN. D. S.

Rise and fol-low, rise and fol-low, Rise and fol-low,
 Rise and fol-low, rise and fol-low, Rise and fol-low,



No. 42. In Sight of the Crystal Sea.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.



J. W. BISCHOFF.



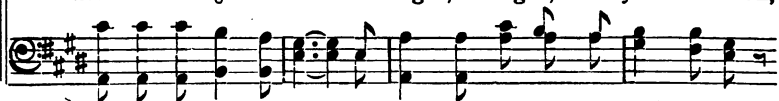

1. I sat a-lone with life's mem - o - ries In sight of the
 2. I thought me then of my child-hood days, The pray - er at
 3. I thought, I thought of the days of God! I'd wast - ed in
 4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: "Re-mem-ber, re-


crys - tal sea, And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones, With
 my mother's knee; Of the counsels grave that my Fa-ther gave—The
 fol - ly and sin— Of the times I'd mock'd when the Savior knock'd, And
 member, my son! Remember thy ways in the for - mer days, The

nev - er a crown for me; And then the voice of the Judge said, "Come,"
 wrath I was warn'd to flee; I said, "Is it then too late, too late,
 I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made,
 crown that thou might have won!" I thought, I thought, and my tho'ts ran on,

Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the
 Shut with-out must I stand for aye?" And the Judge, will He
 When I lay at death's dark door— Would He spare my
 Like the tide of a sun - less sea— "Am I liv - ing or



In Sight of the Crystal Sea.—Concluded.

star-crown'd take their seats, But none could I call my own.
say, "I know you not," How-e'er I may knock and pray.
life, I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for-ev - er - more."
dead?" to myself I said, "An end is there ne'er to be?"

- 5 It seem'd as tho' I woke from a dream
How sweet was the light of day!
Melodious sounded the Sabbath bell
From towers that were far away,
I then became as a child again,
And I wept and wept afresh; [stone,
For the Lord had taken my heart of
And given a heart of flesh.
- 6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
And I think of the crystal sea; [ones,
And I see the throne of the star-crown'd
I know there's a crown for me; ["Come,"
And when the voice of the Judge says,
Of the Judge on the great white throne,
I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crown'd
There's one I can call my own. [ones.

No. 43. Come, Said Jesus.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON, 1899.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
2. Thou who helpless and for - lorn, Long hast been the proud world's scorn,

3. Hith - er come, for here is found, Balm that flows for ev'ry wound,

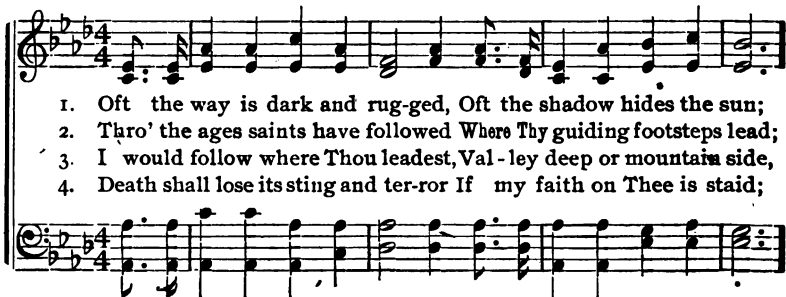
I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hither come.
Long hast roamed the barren waste; Wea - ry wand'rer, hither haste.

Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure.

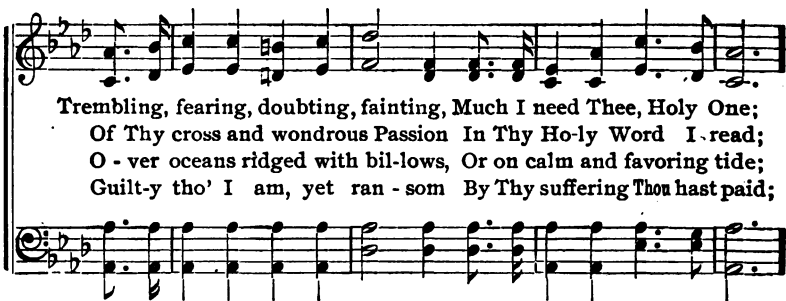
No. 44. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

A. TREADWELL.

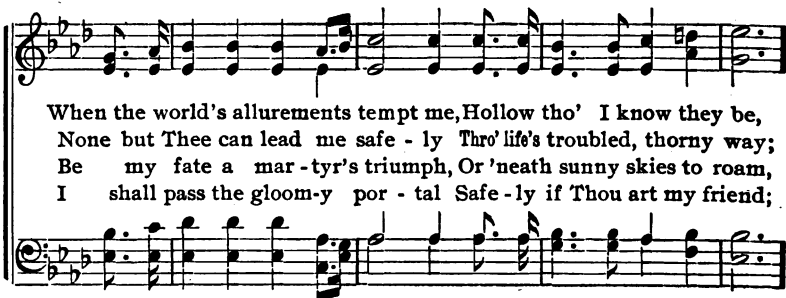
J. B. HERRING.



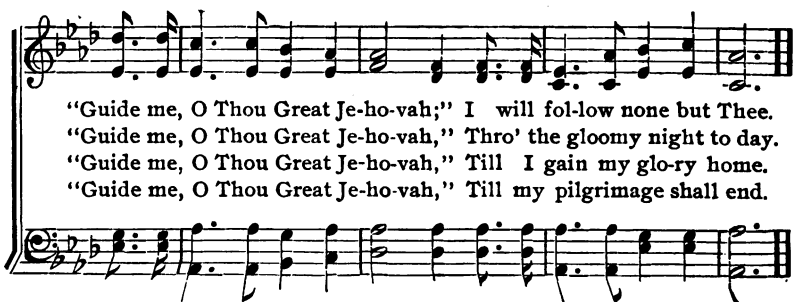
1. Oft the way is dark and rug-ged, Oft the shadow hides the sun;
 2. Thro' the ages saints have followed Where Thy guiding footsteps lead;
 3. I would follow where Thou leadest, Val-ley deep or mountain side,
 4. Death shall lose its sting and ter-ror If my faith on Thee is staid;



Trembling, fearing, doubting, fainting, Much I need Thee, Holy One;
 Of Thy cross and wondrous Passion In Thy Ho-ly Word I read;
 O-ver oceans ridged with bil-lows, Or on calm and favoring tide;
 Guilt-y tho' I am, yet ran-som By Thy suffering Thou hast paid;



When the world's allurements tempt me, Hollow tho' I know they be,
 None but Thee can lead me safe-ly Thro' life's troubled, thorny way;
 Be my fate a mar-tyr's triumph, Or 'neath sunny skies to roam,
 I shall pass the gloom-y por-tal Safe-ly if Thou art my friend;




"Guide me, O Thou Great Je-ho-vah;" I will fol-low none but Thee.
 "Guide me, O Thou Great Je-ho-vah," Thro' the gloomy night to day.
 "Guide me, O Thou Great Je-ho-vah," Till I gain my glo-ry home.
 "Guide me, O Thou Great Je-ho-vah," Till my pilgrimage shall end.

No. 45. On the Bosom of Jesus.


"There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of his disciples, whom Jesus loved."—John 13:23.

Tenderly, with expression.

Words and Music by CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.




1. On the bo - som of Je - sus my Sav - ior! A - way from all
 2. On the bo - som of Je - sus my Sav - ior! Blessed place for His
 3. On the bo - som of Je - sus my Sav - ior! As His child I am
 4. On the bo - som of Je - sus my Sav - ior! We feel as we




sor - row and care, I spend a sweet hour of com-mun-ion, When
 chil-dren to be, Learning more of His ten-der com-pas-sion, For
 privileged to be, For He pardoned my ma - ny transgressions, And
 lean on His breast! And tell Him our joys and our sorrows, And


CHORUS.



no one but Je - sus is near.
 poor, guilt-y sin-ners like me. On Je - sus' dear breast I am leaning,
 made me so hap - py and free.
 there be - come hap - py and blest.



Like John the dis - ci - ple of old; . . . Learning more of this
 of old;



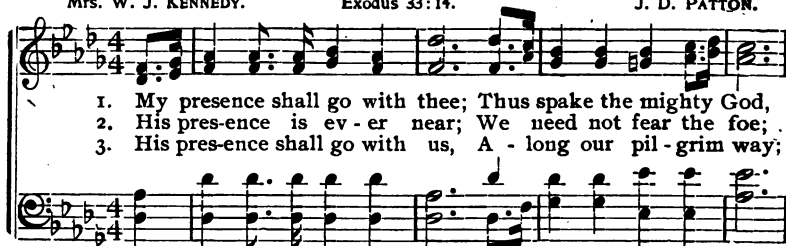
pre - cious Re - deem - er, The half of which ne'er has been told.

No. 46. My Presence Shall Go with You.

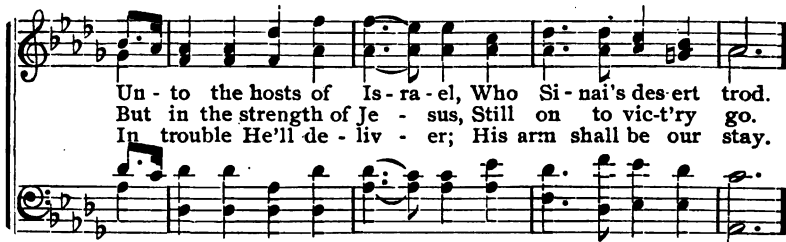
Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

Exodus 33:14.

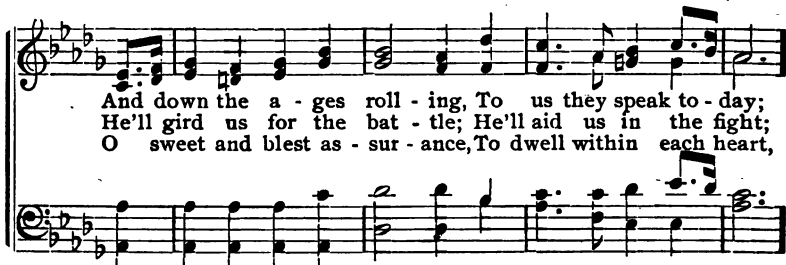
J. D. PATTON.



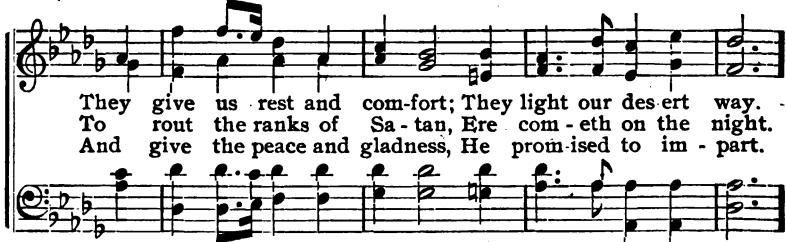
1. My presence shall go with thee; Thus spake the mighty God,
2. His pres-ence is ev-er near; We need not fear the foe;
3. His pres-ence shall go with us, A - long our pil - grim way;



Un - to the hosts of Is - ra - el, Who Si - nai's des-ert trod.
But in the strength of Je - sus, Still on to vic-t'ry go.
In trouble He'll de - liv - er; His arm shall be our stay.

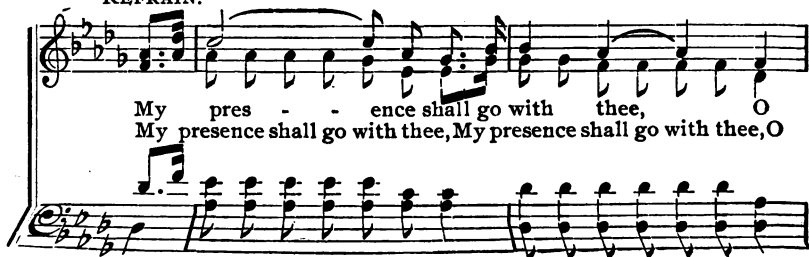


And down the a - ges roll - ing, To us they speak to - day;
He'll gird us for the bat - tle; He'll aid us in the fight;
O sweet and blest as - sur - ance, To dwell within each heart,



They give us rest and com-fort; They light our des-ert way.
To rout the ranks of Sa - tan, Ere com - eth on the night.
And give the peace and gladness, He prom-ised to im - part.

REFRAIN.



My pres - - - ence shall go with thee,
My presence shall go with thee, My presence shall go with thee, O

My Presence Shall Go with You.—Concluded.

glad in-spir - ing thought, O bless -
 glad in-spir-ing, glad in-spir-ing tho't, the tho't, O blessed precious

- ed precious promise, With peace and gladness fraught.
 promise, O blessed precious promise, With peace and gladness fraught.

No. 47, Dennis. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELI.

1, Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'r;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain,

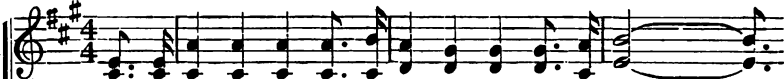
The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
 And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 48.

Marching Home,

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



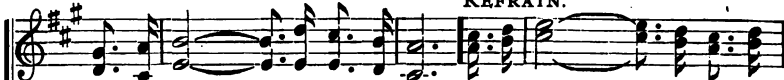
1. We are on our way to the realms of day, Marching home, . . .
2. In those mansions bright dwell the saints in light, Marching home, . . .
3. We will work each day while we watch and pray, Marching home, . . .
4. By and by, in love, we'll be called above, Marching home, . . .
marching home,



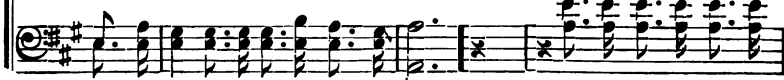

we're marching home; And the God of love beckons from a-bove,
we're marching home; And for us they wait at the pearly gate,
we're marching home; We will trust the Lord and His own sure word,
we're marching home; There to find our rest with the pure and blest,
yes, marching home;





REFRAIN.




Marching home, we're marching home. We are march - ing home to
marching home, We are marching home to

God, In the way . . . our fathers trod, And we'll
God, home to God, In the way our fathers trod, our fathers trod,

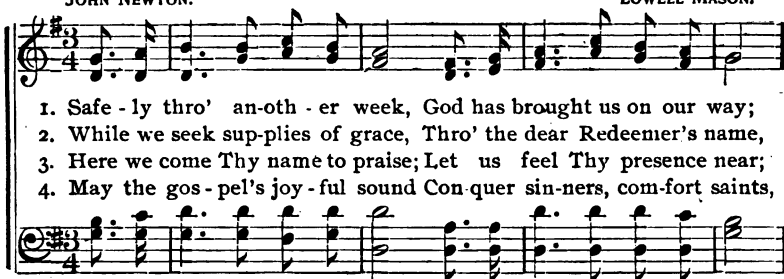
shout and sing praise to Christ our King, While we march to Canaan's land.
while we march to Canaan's land, happy land.



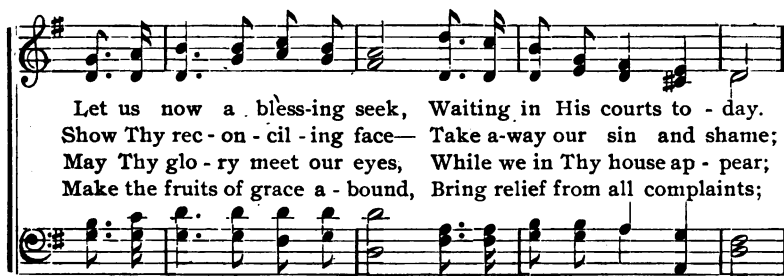
No. 49. Safely Through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON.

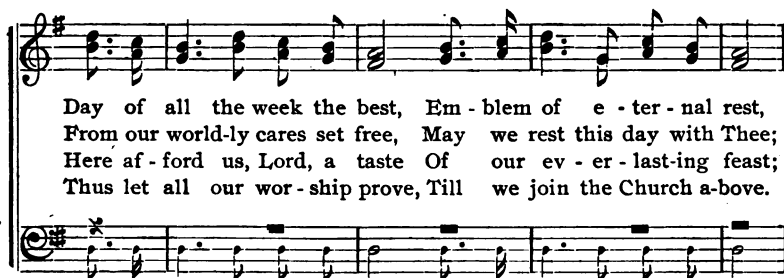
LOWELL MASON.



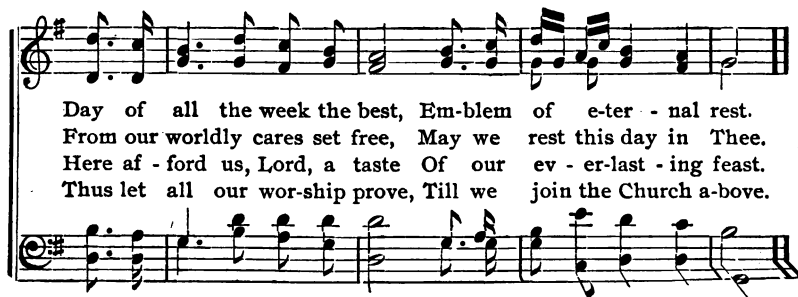
1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth - er week, God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek sup-plies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near;
 4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints,



Let us now a bless-ing seek, Waiting in His courts to - day.
 Show Thy rec-on-cil-ing face— Take a-way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo-ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap-pear;
 Make the fruits of grace a-bound, Bring relief from all complaints;



Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest,
 From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day with Thee;
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast;
 Thus let all our wor-ship prove, Till we join the Church a-bove.

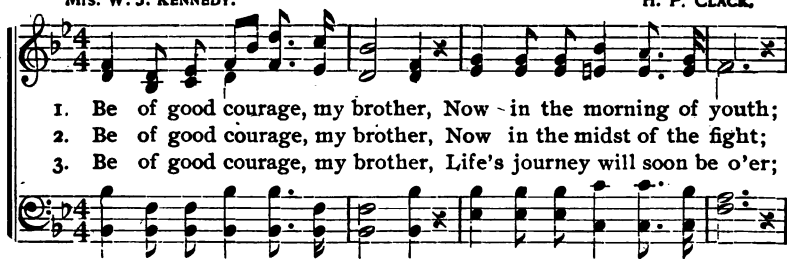


Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.
 From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af-ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev-er-last-ing feast.
 Thus let all our wor-ship prove, Till we join the Church a-bove.

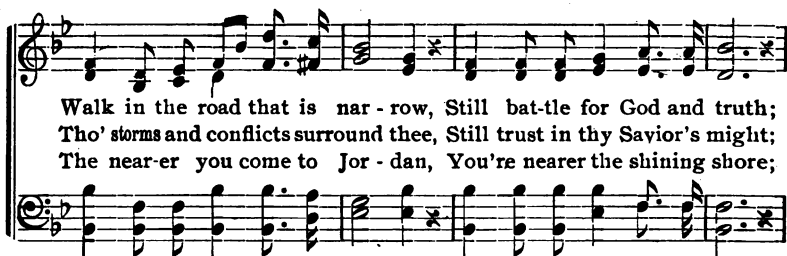
No. 50. Be of Good Courage.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

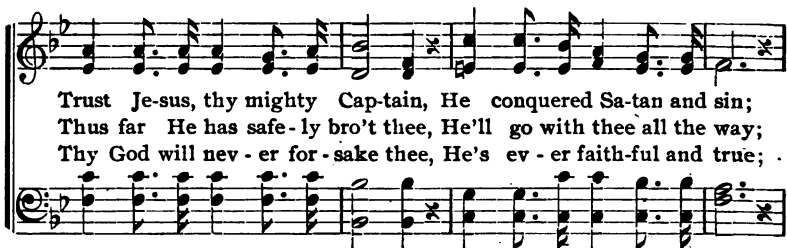
H. P. CLACK.



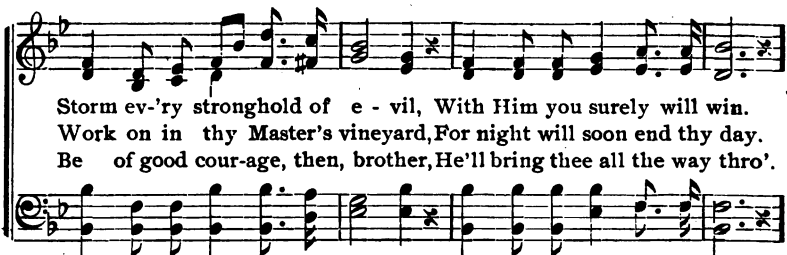
1. Be of good courage, my brother, Now - in the morning of youth;
 2. Be of good courage, my brother, Now in the midst of the fight;
 3. Be of good courage, my brother, Life's journey will soon be o'er;



Walk in the road that is nar - row, Still bat-tle for God and truth;
 Tho' storms and conflicts surround thee, Still trust in thy Savior's might;
 The near-er you come to Jor - dan, You're nearer the shining shore;

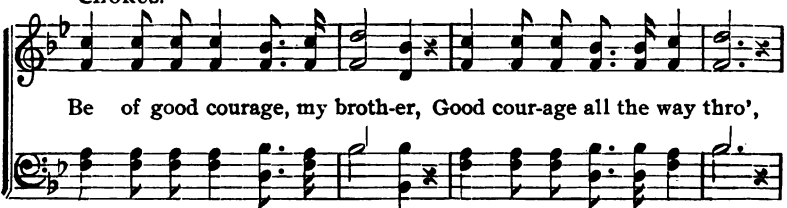


Trust Je-sus, thy mighty Cap-tain, He conquered Sa-tan and sin;
 Thus far He has safe-ly bro't thee, He'll go with thee all the way;
 Thy God will nev - er for - sake thee, He's ev - er faith-ful and true;



Storm ev-'ry stronghold of e - vil, With Him you surely will win.
 Work on in thy Master's vineyard, For night will soon end thy day.
 Be of good cour-age, then, brother, He'll bring thee all the way thro'.

CHORUS.



Be of good courage, my broth-er, Good cour-age all the way thro',

Be of Good Courage.—Concluded.

He who has promised is faith-ful Each day thy strength to renew.

No. 51. Take Up Thy Cross.

Rev. C. W. EVEREST.

(L. M. D.)

J. S. HENDRICKS.

1. Take up thy cross, the Savior said, If thou wouldst My dis-ci - ple be;
2. Take up thy cross, let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with a-larm;
3. Take up thy cross, then, in His strength, And calmly ev-'ry danger brave;

De - ny thy-self, the world forsake, And humbly follow aft - er Me.
His strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.
'Twill guide thee to a bet - ter home, And lead to vict'ry o'er the grave.

REFRAIN.

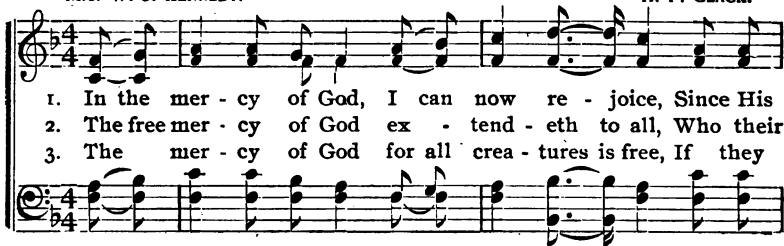
Take up the cross and follow Christ, Nor think till death to lay it down;

For on-ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glorious crown.

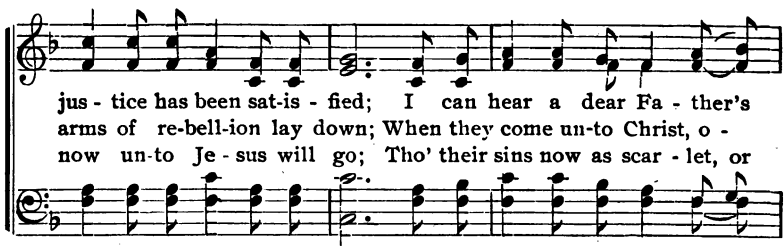
No. 52. The Mercy of God.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

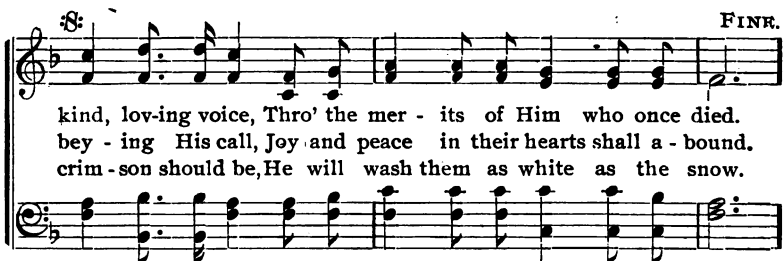
H. P. CLACK.



1. In the mer - cy of God, I can now re - joice, Since His
 2. The free mer - cy of God ex - tend - eth to all, Who their
 3. The mer - cy of God for all crea - tures is free, If they



jus - tice has been sat-is - fied; I can hear a dear Fa - ther's
 arms of re-bell-ion lay down; When they come un-to Christ, o -
 now un-to Je - sus will go; Tho' their sins now as scar - let, or



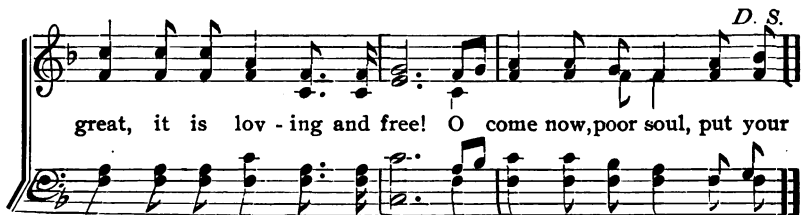
kind, lov-ing voice, Thro' the mer - its of Him who once died.
 bey - ing His call, Joy and peace in their hearts shall a - bound.
 crim - son should be, He will wash them as white as the snow.

D. S. - trust in the blood, There is mer - cy for you and for me.

CHORUS.



The mer - cy of God, O the mer - cy of God, It is

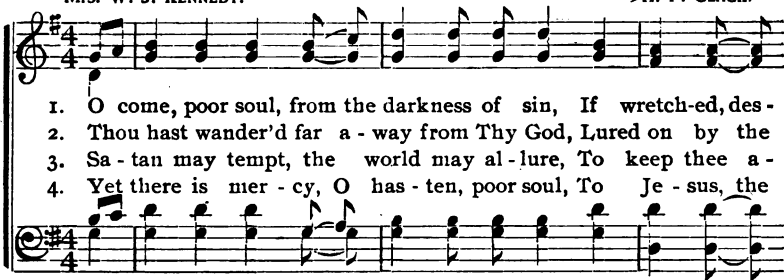


great, it is lov - ing and free! O come now, poor soul, put your

No. 53. Come to the Light.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

H. P. CLACK.

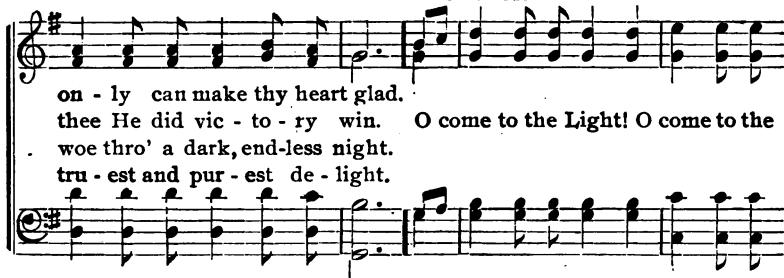


1. O come, poor soul, from the darkness of sin, If wretch-ed, des-
 2. Thou hast wander'd far a - way from Thy God, Lured on by the
 3. Sa - tan may tempt, the world may al-lure, To keep thee a -
 4. Yet there is mer - cy, O has - ten, poor soul, To Je - sus, the

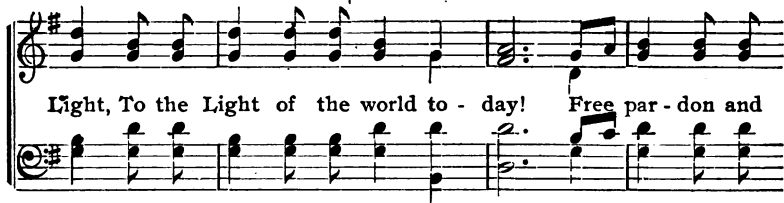


pond-ent, and sad; Come un - to Je - sus, the light of the world, He
 pleas-ures of sin; But still thy Sav - ior is wait-ing for thee, For
 way from the Light; Tho' pleas-ant thy way, it leads unto where, There's
 Truth and the Light! He pa - tiently waits to give thy poor soul The

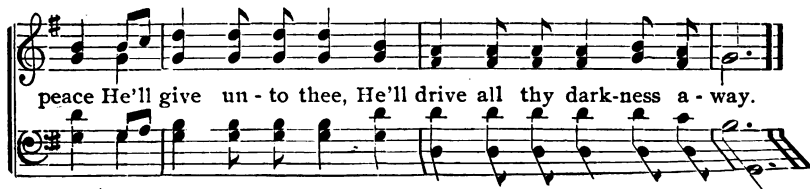
CHORUS.



on - ly can make thy heart glad.
 thee He did vic - to - ry win. O come to the Light! O come to the
 woe thro' a dark, end-less night.
 tru - est and pur - est de - light.



Light, To the Light of the world to - day! Free par - don and

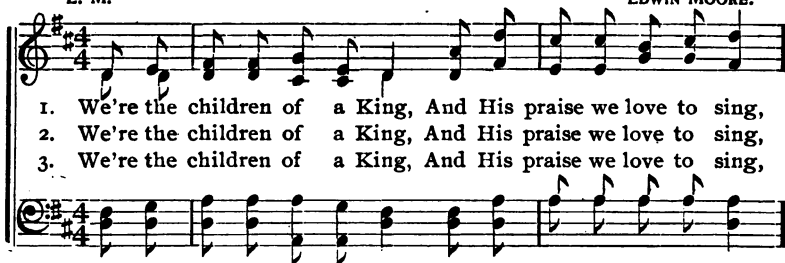


peace He'll give un - to thee, He'll drive all thy dark-ness a - way.

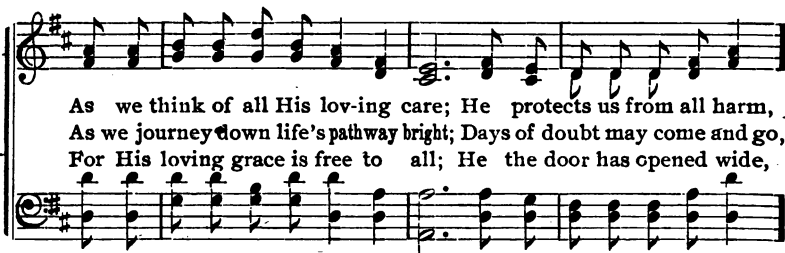
No. 54. We're the Children of a King.

E. M.

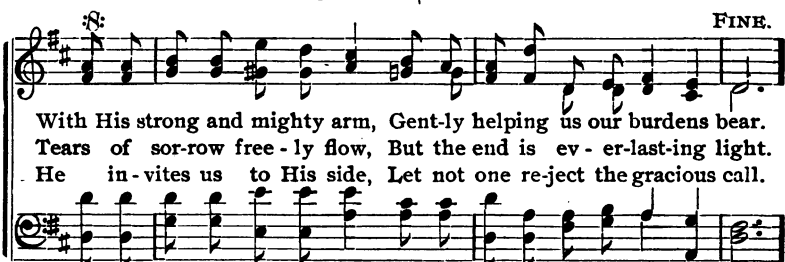
EDWIN MOORE.



1. We're the children of a King, And His praise we love to sing,
 2. We're the children of a King, And His praise we love to sing,
 3. We're the children of a King, And His praise we love to sing,



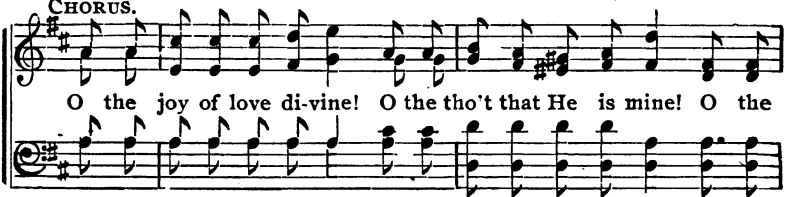
As we think of all His lov-ing care; He protects us from all harm,
 As we journey down life's pathway bright; Days of doubt may come and go,
 For His loving grace is free to all; He the door has opened wide,



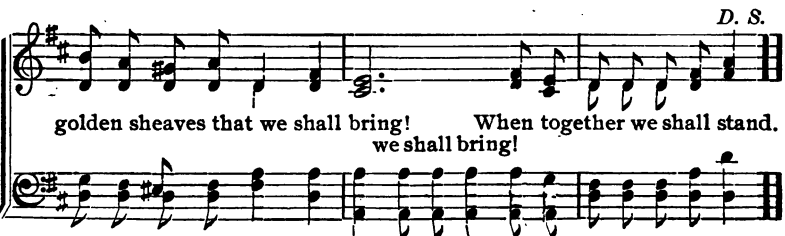
With His strong and mighty arm, Gent-ly helping us our burdens bear.
 Tears of sor-row free-ly flow, But the end is ev-er-last-ing light.
 He in-vites us to His side, Let not one re-ject the gracious call.

D. S.—On the plains of Beau-lah Land, Singing hal-le-lu-jah to our King.

CHORUS.



O the joy of love di-vine! O the tho't that He is mine! O the

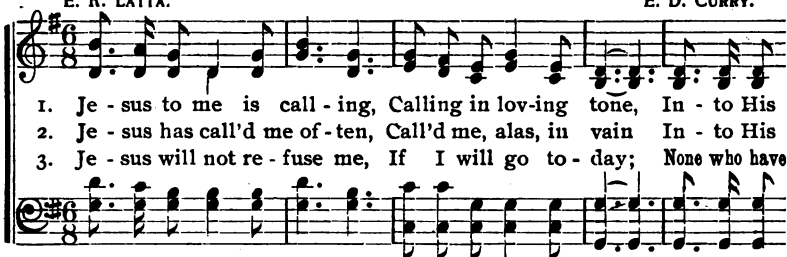


golden sheaves that we shall bring! When together we shall stand.
 we shall bring!

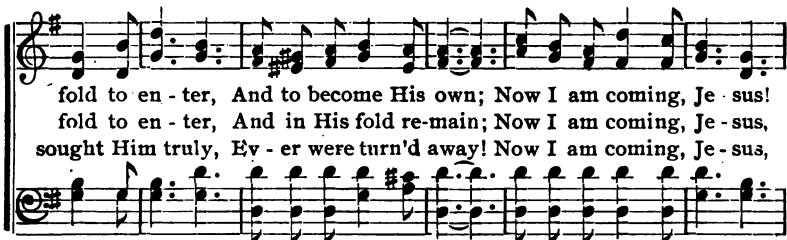
No. 55. Open the Door to Me.

E. R. LATTI.

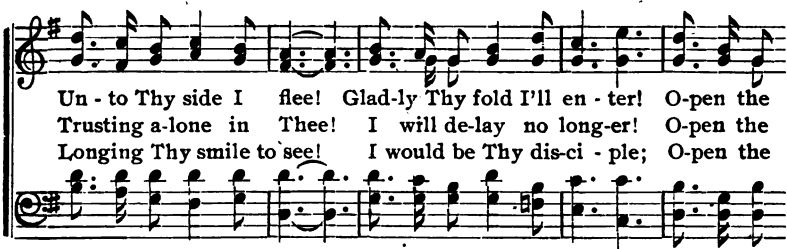
E. D. CURRY.



1. Je - sus to me is call - ing, Calling in lov - ing tone, In - to His
 2. Je - sus has call'd me of - ten, Call'd me, alas, in vain In - to His
 3. Je - sus will not re - fuse me, If I will go to - day; None who have

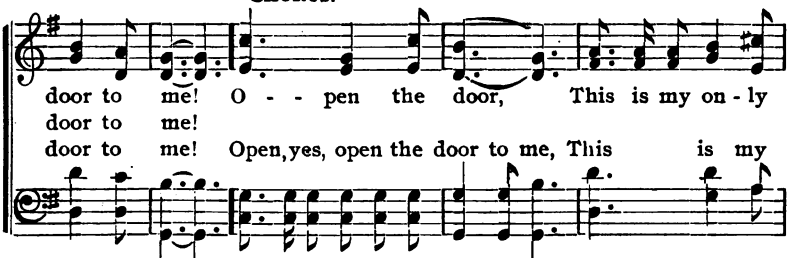


fold to en - ter, And to become His own; Now I am coming, Je - sus!
 fold to en - ter, And in His fold re - main; Now I am coming, Je - sus,
 sought Him truly, Ev - er were turn'd away! Now I am coming, Je - sus,

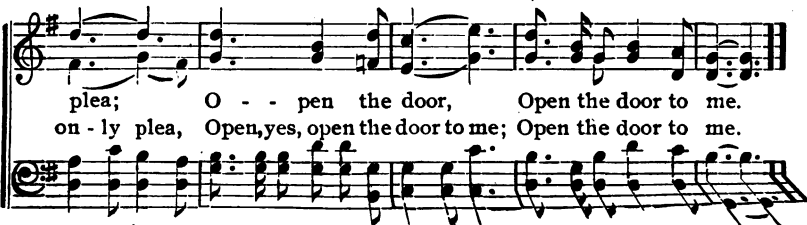


Un - to Thy side I flee! Glad - ly Thy fold I'll en - ter! O - pen the
 Trusting a - lone in Thee! I will de - lay no longer! O - pen the
 Longing Thy smile to see! I would be Thy dis - ci - ple; O - pen the

CHORUS.



door to me! O - - pen the door, This is my on - ly
 door to me!
 door to me! Open, yes, open the door to me, This is my



plea; O - - pen the door, Open the door to me.
 on - ly plea, Open, yes, open the door to me; Open the door to me.

No. 56. God's Infinite Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

H. P. CLACK.

God's wondrous love,
The air is sweet
My soul is full
O shore-less sea

His love for me,
with spice and balm,
of joy and peace,
of God's sweet love!

1. God's wondrous love, His love for me,
2. The air is sweet with spice and balm,
3. My soul is full of joy and peace,
4. O shore-less sea of God's sweet love!

Be - fore me lies
The winds and waves
And faith and hope
Each hour thy peace

a shore-less sea,
are still and calm,
each hour increase,
and joy I prove,

Be - fore me lies a shore-less sea,
The winds and waves are still and calm,
And faith and hope each hour in - crease,
Each hour thy peace and joy I prove,

And on its waves,
The sunshine warms
And heaven's light
And life, in sweet

so vast and wide,
the at - mos - phere,
shines all a - round,
con - tent, moves on,

And on its waves so vast and wide,
The sun-shine warms the at - mos - phere,
And heav-en's light shines all a - round,
And life, in sweet con - tent, moves on,

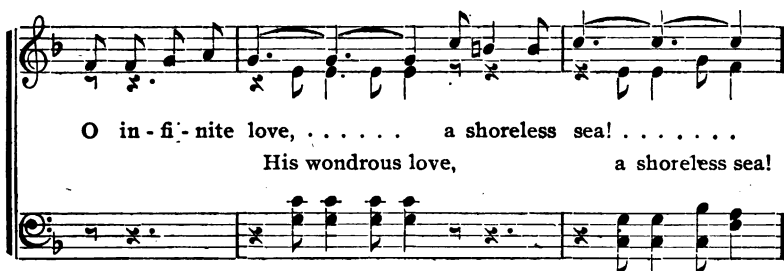
To my sweet home in heav'n I glide. (in heav'n I glide.)
As on we glide in hope and fear. (in hope and fear.)
As on this sea we onward bound. (we on-ward bound.)
And heav'n is in my soul be-gun. (my soul be - gun.)

God's Infinite Love,—Concluded.

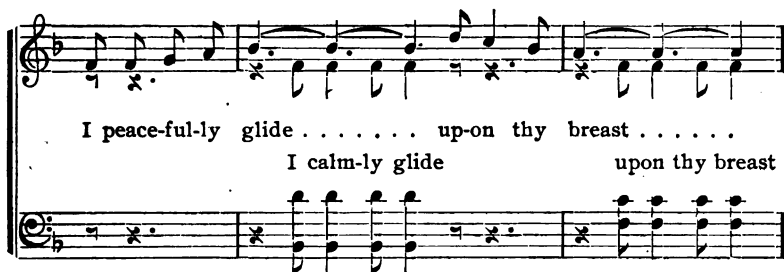
REFRAIN.



O in-fi-nite love of God for me!
The wondrous love of God for me!



O in-fi-nite love, a shoreless sea!
His wondrous love, a shoreless sea!



I peace-ful-ly glide up-on thy breast
I calm-ly glide upon thy breast



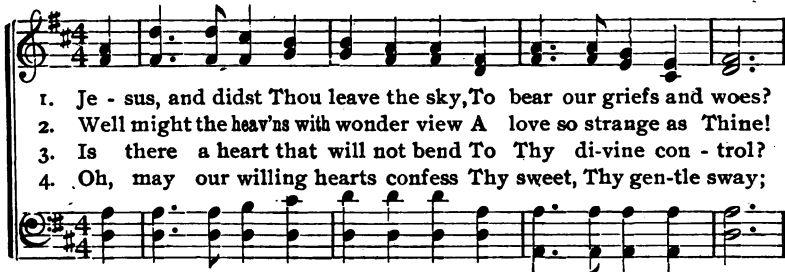
To beau-ti-ful heav'n, my soul's sweet rest.
To yon fair heav'n, the home of rest.

No. 57.

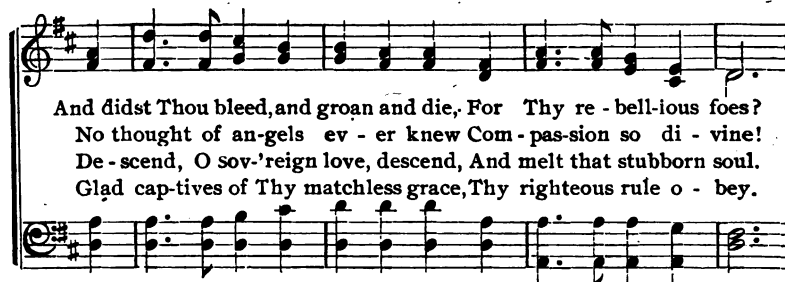
Wonderful Love.

Words by ANNA STEELE.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS, by per



1. Je - sus, and didst Thou leave the sky, To bear our griefs and woes?
 2. Well might the heav'n's with wonder view A love so strange as Thine!
 3. Is there a heart that will not bend To Thy di-vine con - trol?
 4. Oh, may our willing hearts confess Thy sweet, Thy gen-tle sway;

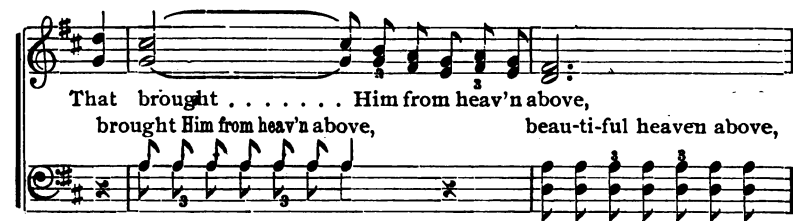


And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die, For Thy re - bell-i-ous foes?
 No thought of an-gels ev - er knew Com - pas-sion so di - vine!
 De - scend, O sov'-reign love, descend, And melt that stubborn soul.
 Glad cap-tives of Thy matchless grace, Thy righteous rule o - bey.

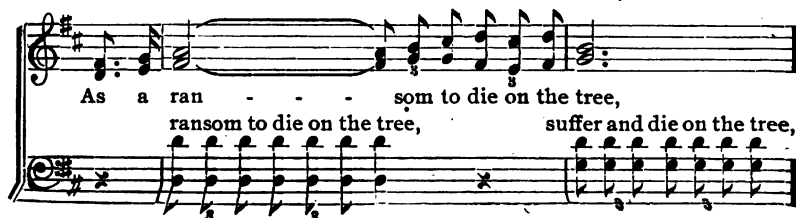
CHORUS.



O 'twas won - - - der-ful, wonderful love,
 Wonderful, wonderful love, wonderful, wonderful love,



That brought Him from heav'n above,
 brought Him from heav'n above, beau-ti-ful heaven above,



As a ran - - - som to die on the tree,
 ransom to die on the tree, suffer and die on the tree,

Wonderful Love.—Concluded.

To save a poor sinner like me.
 save a poor sinner like me, like me, a sin-ner like me.

No. 58. O Come, Poor Soul, to Jesus.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

H. P. CLACK,

1. Ho! ev - 'ry one who thirst - eth, God call - eth you to - day,
 2. You're weary, heav-y - la - den, With sin and care op-pressed;
 3. O trust His pre-cious prom - ise, And cast a - side your doubt;
 4. O hear His sweet en - treat - ing, "Poor sinn-er, come to me!"
 5. O wait, poor soul, no long - er! Your day of grace speeds by;

To drink of liv - ing wa - ters, Where there is naught to pay.
 But come, O come to Je - sus, And He will give rest.
 O come at once to Je - sus! He will not cast you out.
 His blood your soul has ran - som'd, He waits to set you free.
 The door of mer - cy's o - pen, Now to the shel - ter fly.

REFRAIN.

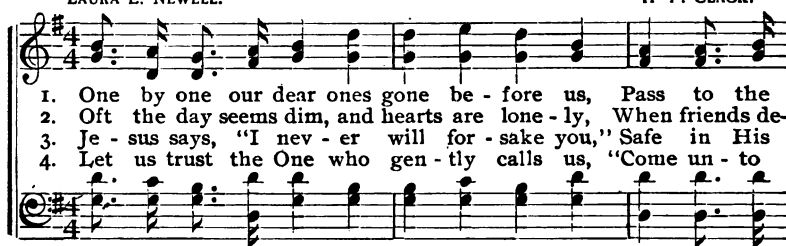
O come, poor soul, to Je - sus! He's call - ing you to - day;

O come, poor soul, to Je - sus, And make no more de - lay.

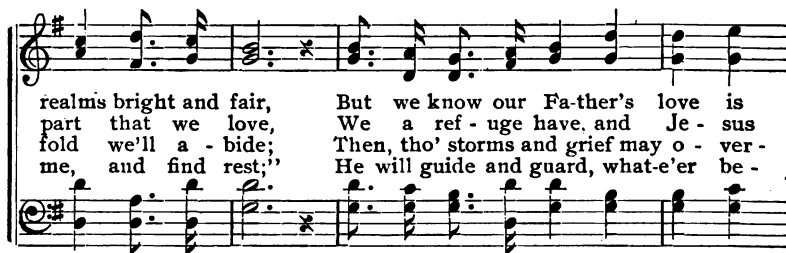
No. 59. Gone Home to a Fairer Shore.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

H. P. CLACK.

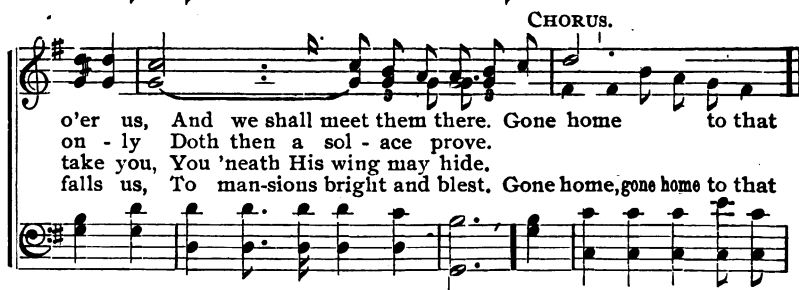


1. One by one our dear ones gone be - fore us, Pass to the
 2. Oft the day seems dim, and hearts are lone - ly, When friends de-
 3. Je - sus says, "I nev - er will for - sake you," Safe in His
 4. Let us trust the One who gen - tly calls us, "Come un - to

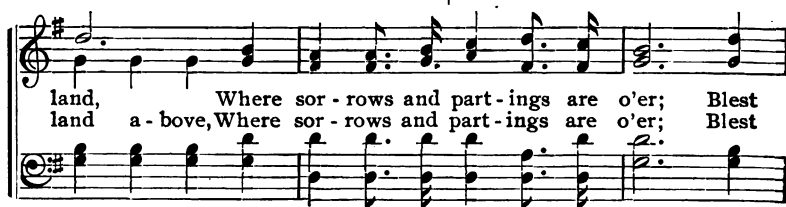


realms bright and fair, But we know our Fa - ther's love is
 part that we love, We a ref - uge have, and Je - sus
 fold we'll a - bide; Then, tho' storms and grief may o - ver -
 me, and find rest;" He will guide and guard, what-e'er be -

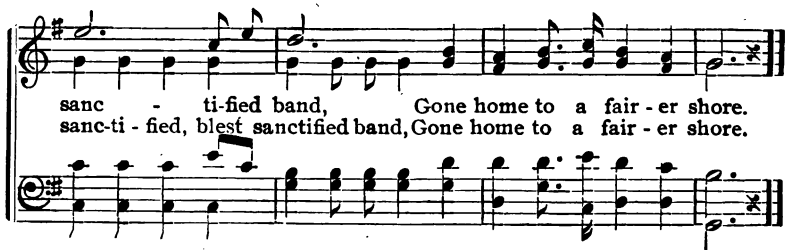
CHORUS.



o'er us, And we shall meet them there. Gone home to that
 on - ly Doth then a sol - ace prove.
 take you, You 'neath His wing may hide.
 falls us, To man - sions bright and blest, Gone home, gone home to that



land, Where sor - rows and part - ings are o'er; Blest
 land a - bove, Where sor - rows and part - ings are o'er; Blest

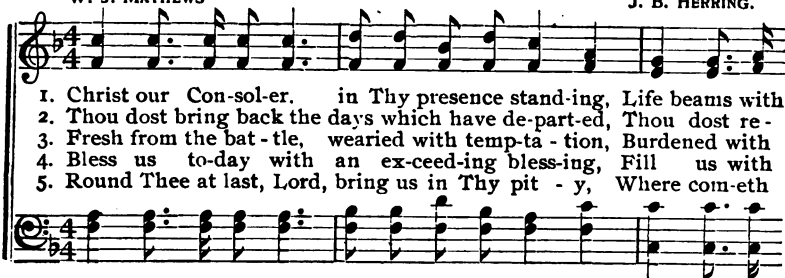


sanc - ti - fied band, Gone home to a fair - er shore.
 sanc - ti - fied, blest sanctified band, Gone home to a fair - er shore.

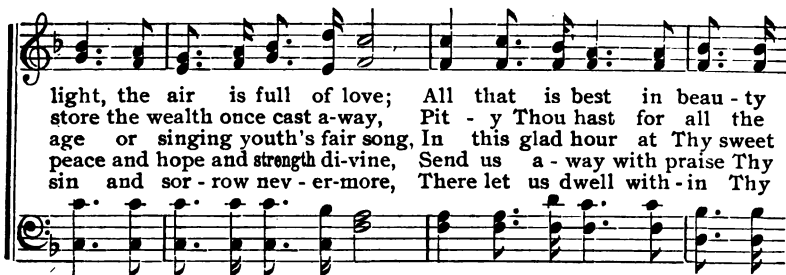
No. 60. Christ, Our Consoler.

W. J. MATHEWS

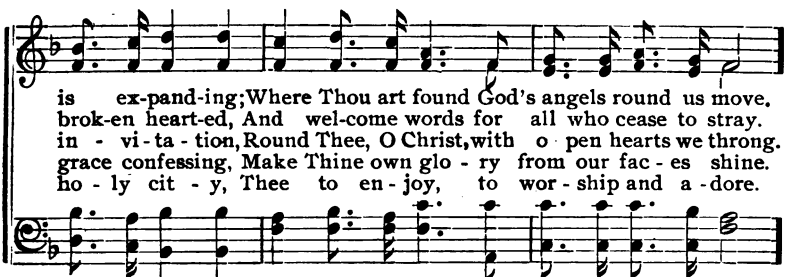
J. B. HERRING.



1. Christ our Con-sol-er. in Thy presence stand-ing, Life beams with
 2. Thou dost bring back the days which have de-part-ed, Thou dost re-
 3. Fresh from the bat-tle, wearied with temp-ta-tion, Burdened with
 4. Bless us to-day with an ex-ceed-ing bless-ing, Fill us with
 5. Round Thee at last, Lord, bring us in Thy pit - y, Where com-eth

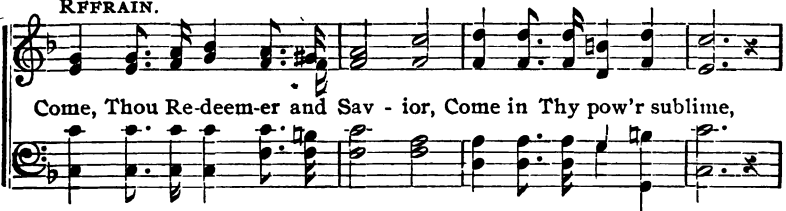


light, the air is full of love; All that is best in beau-ty
 store the wealth once cast a-way, Pit - y Thou hast for all the
 age or singing youth's fair song, In this glad hour at Thy sweet
 peace and hope and strength di-vine, Send us a-way with praise Thy
 sin and sor-row nev-er-more, There let us dwell with-in Thy



is ex-pand-ing; Where Thou art found God's angels round us move,
 brok-en heart-ed, And wel-come words for all who cease to stray.
 in - vi-ta-tion, Round Thee, O Christ, with o-pen hearts we throng.
 grace confessing, Make Thine own glo-ry from our fac-es shine.
 ho-ly cit-y, Thee to en-joy, to wor-ship and a-dore.

REFRAIN.



Come, Thou Re-deem-er and Sav-ior, Come in Thy pow'r sublime,



Till ev-'ry nation shall know Thy name And worships at Thy shrine.

No. 61. There's a Light for Me.

ADALYN. Ref. by H. P. C.

H. P. CLACK.

1. There's a light that is shining, Thro' the dark gloomy lin-ing Of the
2. Though deep shadows surround me, And their darkness confound me, I will
3. Blessed light, brightly beaming, I will follow its gleaming Till I

clouds in the val-ley I must tread; But I en-ter it bold-ly,
fear nothing e-vil as I go; For the light streaming o'er me
reach yonder glorious promised land; Where o'er regions su-per-nal,

For my Savior hath told me, By this light I should safely be led.
Shineth straight on before me, Leading me with its beau-ti-ful glow.
It will shine on e-ter-nal, Shedding light on e-ter-ni-ty's strand.

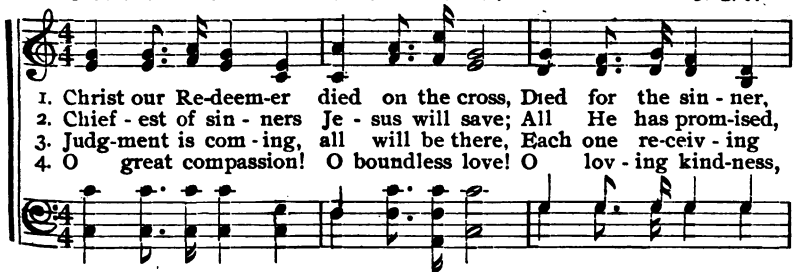
REFRAIN.

There's a light for me, There's a light in the valley for me;
There's a light for me,

By its beams so bright I the fair land of Beulah shall see.
By its beams so bright

No. 62. When I See the Blood.

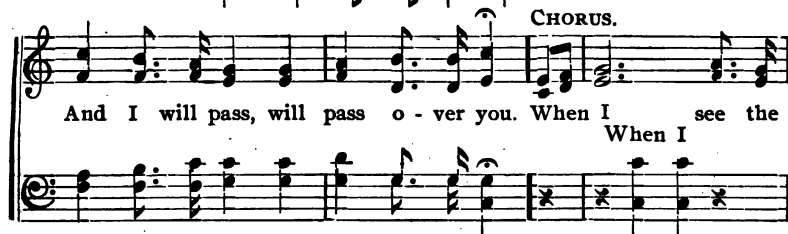
"When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Ex. 12:13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7. J. G. F.



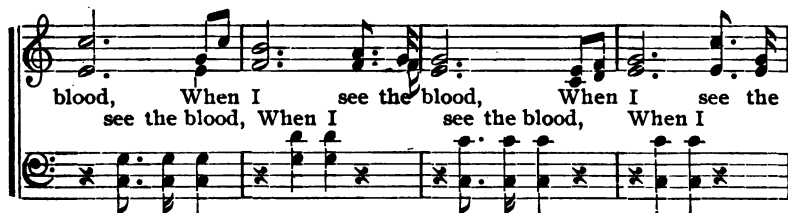
1. Christ our Re-deem-er died on the cross, Died for the sin - ner,
 2. Chief - est of sin - ners Je - sus will save; All He has prom-ised,
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv-ing
 4. O great compassion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness,



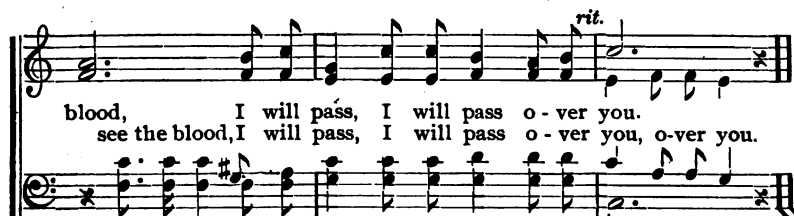
paid all His due; Sprinkle your soul with the blood of the Lamb,
 that will He do; Wash in the fount-ain o - pened for sin,
 just - ly His due; Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleas-ing blood,
 faith - ful and true! Find peace and shel-ter un - der the blood,



CHORUS.
 And I will pass, will pass o - ver you. When I see the
 When I



blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I



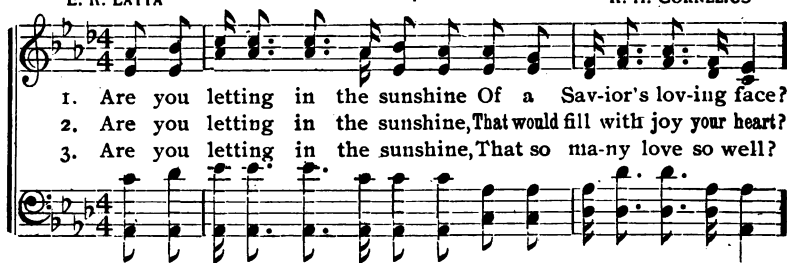
blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you.
 see the blood, I will pass, I will pass o - ver you, o-ver you.

By Foote Bros., not copyrighted. Let no one do so. May this song ever be free to be published for the glory of God.

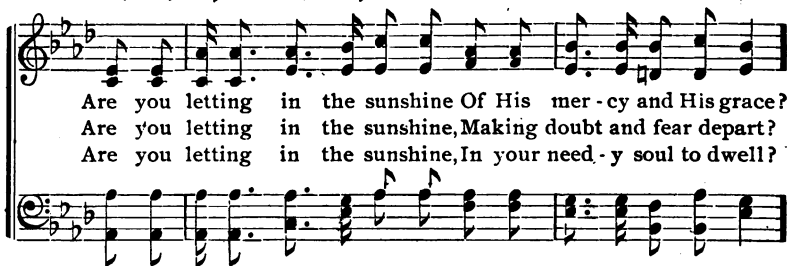
No. 63. Are You Letting in the Sunshine?

E. R. LATTI

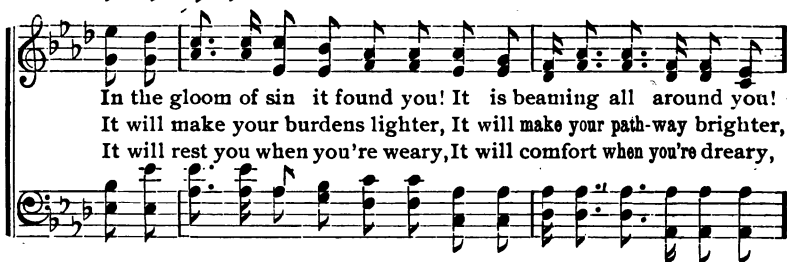
R. H. CORNELIUS



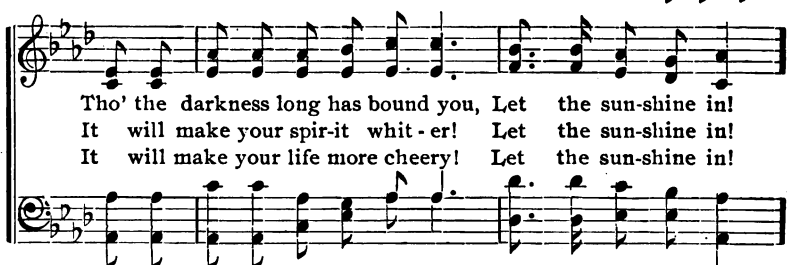
1. Are you letting in the sunshine Of a Sav-ior's lov-ing face?
 2. Are you letting in the sunshine, That would fill with joy your heart?
 3. Are you letting in the sunshine, That so ma-ny love so well?



Are you letting in the sunshine Of His mer-cy and His grace?
 Are you letting in the sunshine, Making doubt and fear depart?
 Are you letting in the sunshine, In your need-y soul to dwell?

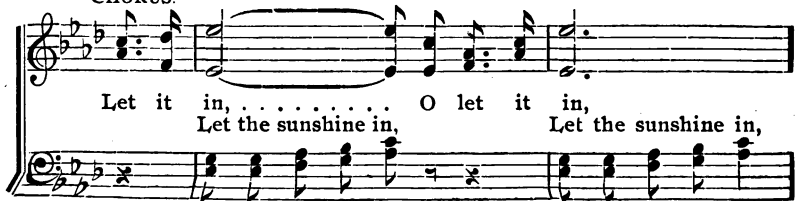


In the gloom of sin it found you! It is beaming all around you!
 It will make your burdens lighter, It will make your path-way brighter,
 It will rest you when you're weary, It will comfort when you're dreary,



Tho' the darkness long has bound you, Let the sun-shine in!
 It will make your spir-it whit-er! Let the sun-shine in!
 It will make your life more cheery! Let the sun-shine in!

CHORUS.



Let it in, O let it in,
 Let the sunshine in, Let the sunshine in,

Are You Letting in the Sunshine?—Concluded.

Ere the Spir - - it cease to woo, Let it in,
 Ere the Spirit, ere the Spirit cease to woo, Let the sunshine in,

O let it in, While it freely beams for you.
 Let the sunshine in, While it beams for you.

No. 64.

Praise the Lord.

L. M.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON, 1899.

1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song, A-wake, my soul, a-wake my tongue;

2. See where it shines in Je-sus' face, The brightest im-age of His grace;

Ho-san-na to th' e - ter-nal name, And all His boundles love proclaim.

God in the per-son of His Son, Has all His mightiest works out-done.

No. 65.

If We Knew.

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. If we knew what gems of rare and wondrous brightness Of-ten
 2. If we knew what hearts in dark des - pair are ach - ing For th
 3. If we knew that dear ones oft are pained and wounded By some

lie un - heed - ed at our feet, We our tho't-less, care-less
 sun - shine we to them might bring, We would has - ten quickly,
 thought-less word we harsh-ly said, We would take more pains to
 at our feet,
 them might bring,
 harsh-ly said,

pace would sure-ly slack-en, Lest we tread on some flow'r pure and sweet.
 to their com-fort aid-ing, Words of courage and hope to them fling.
 speak in ac-cents ten-der To each one whom on life's path we met.

REFRAIN.

If we knew, if we knew All the sor - row that
 If we knew, if we knew

we might pre-vent, We a help-ing hand would lend to
 might pre-vent,

If We Knew.—Concluded.

all the need-y Whom the Sav - ior on our path has sent.

No. 66. We're Marching Home.

E. F. S.

(Respectfully inscribed to Miss Gertrude Andrews.)

E. F. STANTON.

1. We're marching home to glo - ry, Where pleasures ev - er roll,
2. We're marching home with sing-ing, The ech - oes fill the air;
3. We're marching home where mother And friends are say-ing "Come,"

And as we march the sto - ry Of love shall fill the soul.
 The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, There's mu - sic ev - 'ry - where.
 Where Christ, our El - der Broth - er, Is beck - ning pil - grims home.

REFRAIN.

We're march-ing home to heav-en, Where joy and peace and love

And vic - t'ry will be giv - en, By Christ who reigns a - bove.

No. 67. Work and Watch for Jesus.

E. R. LATTA,

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Let us work and watch for Je-sus, When the morning gives its light!
2. Let us work and watch for Je-sus, At the set-ting sun's de-cline!
3. Let us work and watch for Je-sus, For the day so short, ap-pears!
4. Let us work and watch for Je-sus, That His name may honored be!



Let us work and watch for Je - sus, When the noon-day sun is bright!
 Let us work and watch for Je - sus, When the stars in beauty shine!
 Let us work and watch for Je - sus, Bear - ing precious seed with tears!
 Let us work and watch for Je - sus, That the lost His face may see!



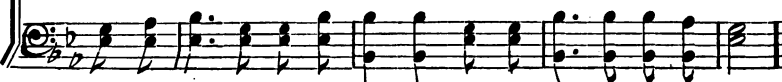
REFRAIN.



Let us work as Christ commanded! Let us watch for Him to come!



Shall He find us emp-ty-hand-ed, At the heav'nly har-vest home?




No. 68.

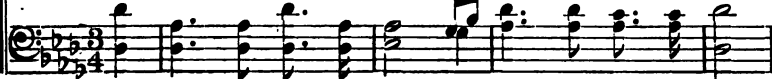
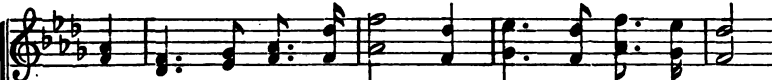
Peace with God.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.


J. H. ROSECRANS.




1. Thou canst have peace with God, Poor sin - ner, if thou wilt;
 2. On Cal - v'ry Je - sus died, He gave His life for thee;
 3. Poor sin - ner, bring thy sins, Be - fore Him con-trite bow;
 4. Now in the Sav - ior trust, There is no oth - er way;


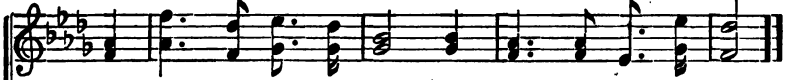
From heav'n He sent His Son, To suf - fer for thy guilt.
 His blood a - tone-ment made Thy guilt - y soul to free.
 He longs thy soul to save, He's wait - ing for thee now.
 Thy pre - cious soul to save, O haste, make no de - lay!




CHORUS.



Peace with God, peace with God, Joy and peace, joy and peace;
 Peace with God, peace with God, Joy and peace, joy and peace;

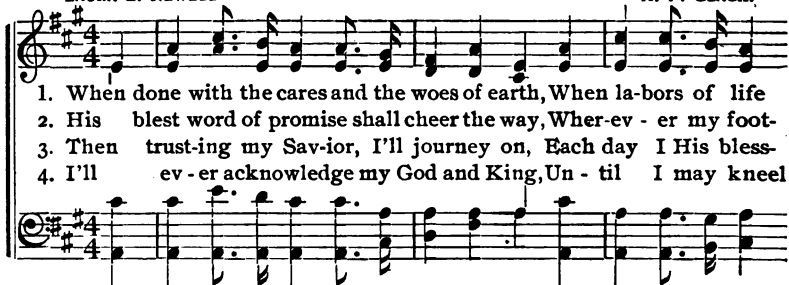
Poor sin - ner, now ac - cept The pre - cious gift of peace.



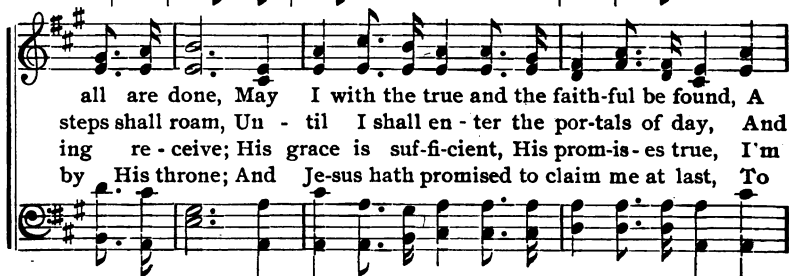
No. 69. May I with the Faithful Be Found.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

H. P. CLACK.

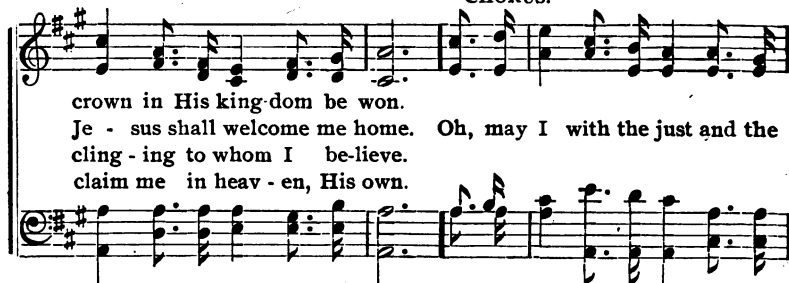


1. When done with the cares and the woes of earth, When la-bors of life
 2. His blest word of promise shall cheer the way, Wher-ev - er my foot-
 3. Then trust-ing my Sav-ior, I'll journey on, Each day I His bless-
 4. I'll ev - er acknowledge my God and King, Un - til I may kneel

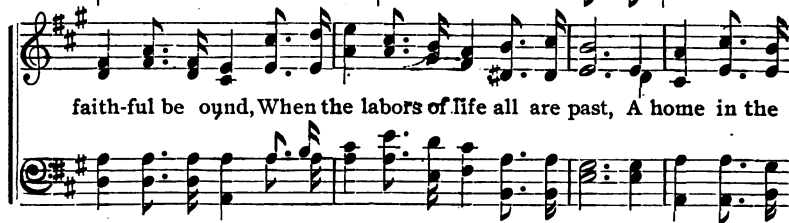


all are done, May I with the true and the faith-ful be found, A
 steps shall roam, Un - til I shall en - ter the por-tals of day, And
 ing re - ceive; His grace is suf-fi-cient, His prom-is - es true, I'm
 by His throne; And Je-sus hath promised to claim me at last, To

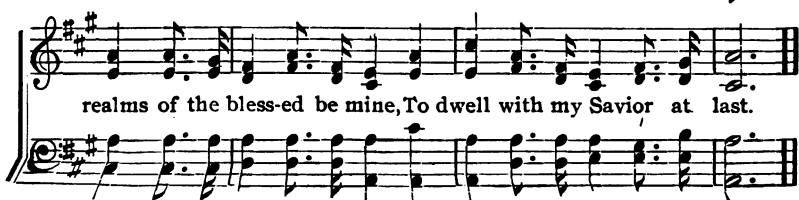
CHORUS.



crown in His king-dom be won.
 Je - sus shall welcome me home. Oh, may I with the just and the
 cling - ing to whom I be-lieve.
 claim me in heav - en, His own.



faith-ful be oynd, When the labors of life all are past, A home in the

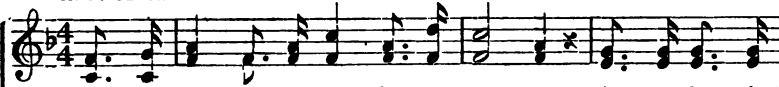


realms of the bless-ed be mine, To dwell with my Savior at last.

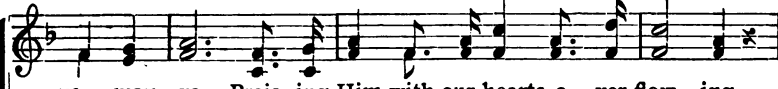
No. 70. Take His Name with You.

H. P. CLACK.

H. P. CLACK.




1. We will take Jesus' name with us ev - er, Ev - 'ry-where that
 2. If we on - ly be-lieve and o - bey Him, We'll receive His
 3. When we en - ter the por - tals of glo - ry, O so hap - py




we may go, Prais-ing Him with our hearts o - ver-flow - ing,
 blessings dear, And we'll meet in that land where no sor - rows,
 we will be, Then to tell of the won - der - ful sto - ry,


REFRAIN.



For we know He loves us so.
 Can for - ev - er - more ap - pear. Take His name with you,
 That was told to all so free.



take it ev - 'ry-where, For He has died to save us all; Won't you



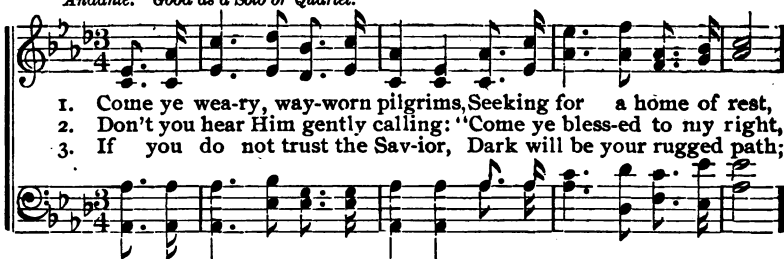
come, give your heart then to Je - sus? Hark! and list-en to His call.

No. 71.

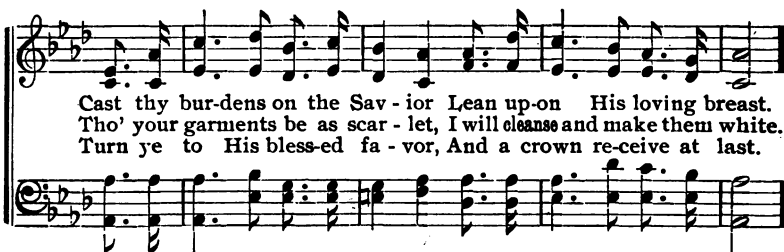
Invitation.

A. B. L.
Andante. Good as a Solo or Quartet.

A. B. LITTLE.

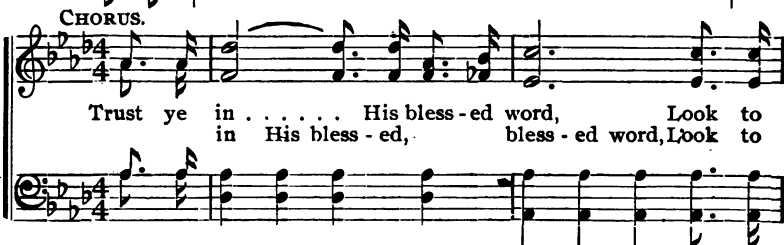


1. Come ye wea-ry, way-worn pilgrims, Seeking for a home of rest,
2. Don't you hear Him gently calling: "Come ye bless-ed to my right,
3. If you do not trust the Sav-ior, Dark will be your rugged path;



Cast thy bur-dens on the Sav - ior Lean up-on His loving breast.
Tho' your garments be as scar - let, I will cleanse and make them white.
Turn ye to His bless-ed fa - vor, And a crown re-ceive at last.

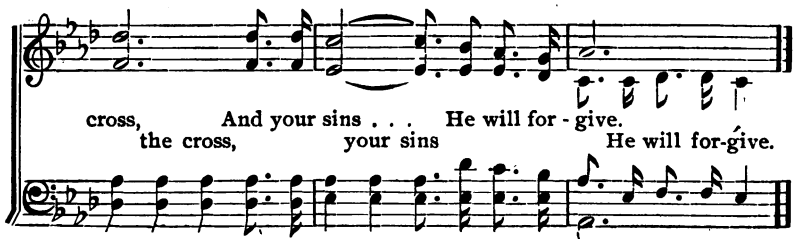
CHORUS.



Trust ye in His bless - ed word, Look to
in His bless - ed, bless - ed word, Look to



Christ by faith and live, Come ye hum - bly to the
Christ, to Christ, by faith, by faith and live, come ye humbly
by faith and live,




cross, And your sins . . . He will for - give.
the cross, your sins He will for-give.


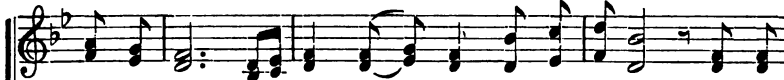
No. 72. Trusting, Waiting, Watching.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.


H. P. CLACK.



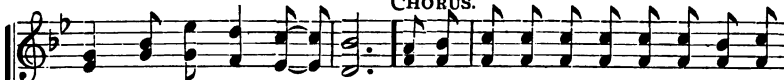
1. In Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm trusting, In the blood that He shed
 2. For Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm liv-ing, Earth's pleasures I leave
 3. For Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm working, But, a - las! that so lit -
 4. For Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm watching; I am waiting and watch-

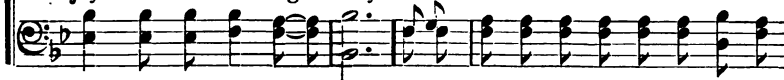

for my sin; O glad - ly He came to my res-cue, And for
 all be - hind; Joys real and last - ing He giv-eth, He is
 tle I do; Yet still for His glo - ry I'm yearning, And the
 ing each day; I know that ere long He is com-ing; O what




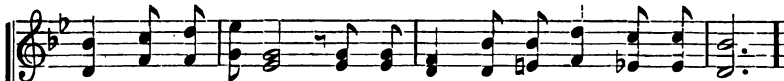
CHORUS.



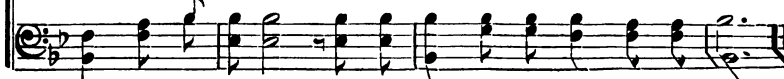
me did the vic - t'ry win.
 ten - der, and loving and kind. I am trusting, I am wait-ing, I am
 way He ap-oints I pur-sue.
 joy to be then caught away!

watching; My dear Sav - ior is all my de - sire; I care not for

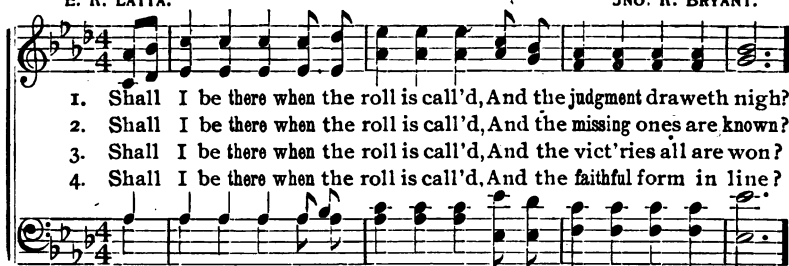
earth or its pleasures, He sup-plies me with all I re - quire.



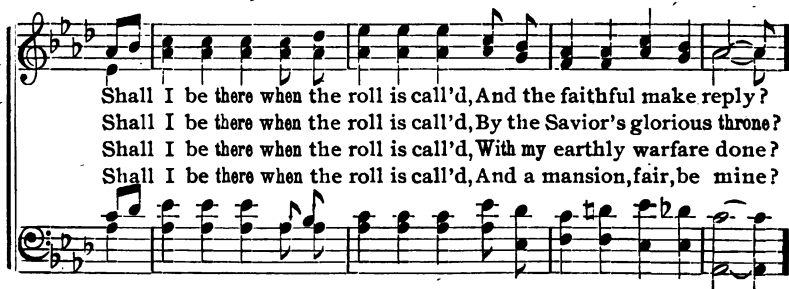
No. 73. When the Roll is Called.

E. R. LATTI.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the judgment draweth nigh?
 2. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the missing ones are known?
 3. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the vict'ries all are won?
 4. Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the faithful form in line?

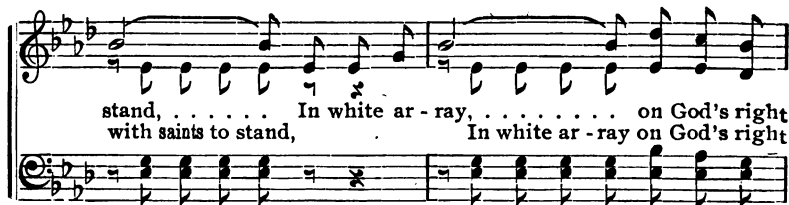


Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And the faithful make reply?
 Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, By the Savior's glorious throne?
 Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, With my earthly warfare done?
 Shall I be there when the roll is call'd, And a mansion, fair, be mine?

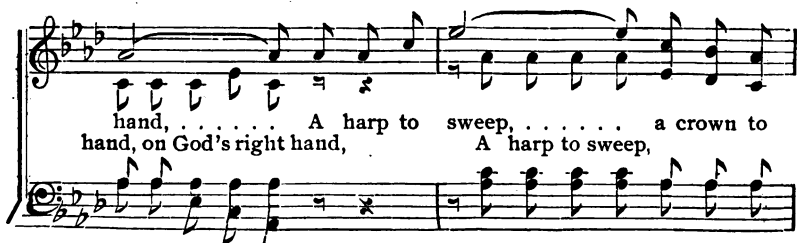
REFRAIN.



Shall I be there, with saints to
 Shall I be there,



stand, In white ar-ray, on God's right
 with saints to stand, In white ar-ray on God's right



hand, A harp to sweep, a crown to
 hand, on God's right hand, A harp to sweep,

When the Roll is Called.—Concluded.

wear? Shall I be there, shall I be there?
sweep, a crown to wear, Shall I be there, shall I be there?

No. 74. Awake, My Soul, to Joyful Lays.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Western Melody.

1. A - wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing my great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,

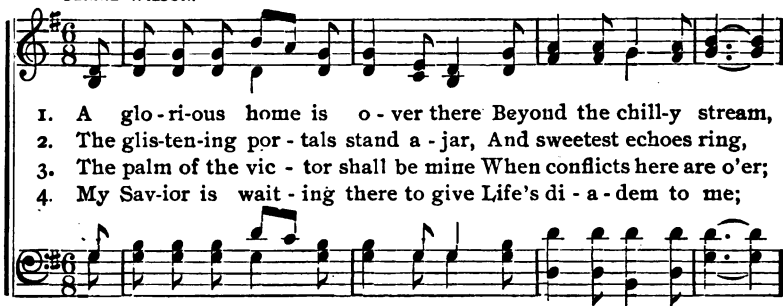
He just - ly claims a song from me. His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e - state, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great!
He safe - ly leads my soul a - long, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong!

Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free.
Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great.
Lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong.

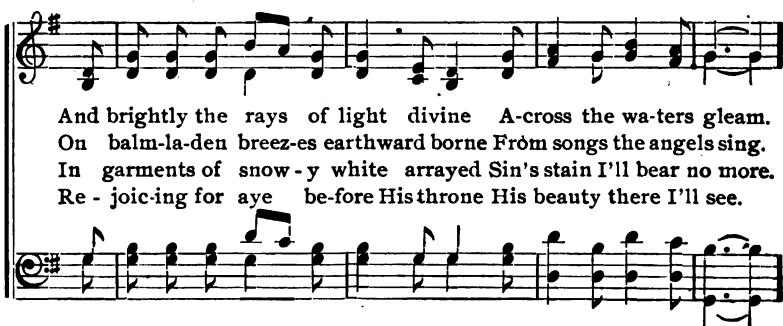
No. 75. The Glorious Home.

JENNIE WILSON.

H. P. CLACK.

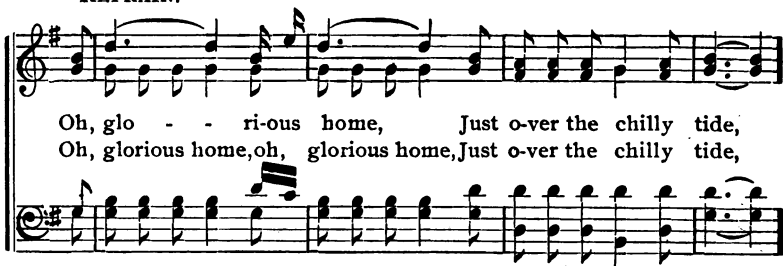


1. A glo-ri-ous home is o-ver there Beyond the chill-y stream,
2. The glis-ten-ing por-tals stand a-jar, And sweetest echoes ring,
3. The palm of the vic-tor shall be mine When conflicts here are o'er;
4. My Sav-ior is wait-ing there to give Life's di-a-dem to me;



And brightly the rays of light divine A-cross the wa-ters gleam.
On balm-la-den breez-es earthward borne From songs the angels sing.
In garments of snow-y white arrayed Sin's stain I'll bear no more.
Re-joic-ing for aye be-fore His throne His beauty there I'll see.

REFRAIN.



Oh, glo-ri-ous home, Just o-ver the chilly tide,
Oh, glorious home, oh, glorious home, Just o-ver the chilly tide,

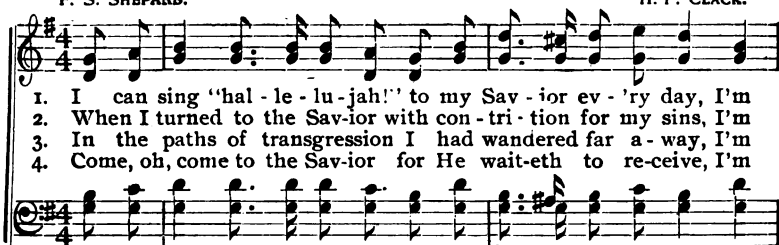


My soul, . . . in its joy, . . . Shall be sat-is-fied.
My soul, in its joy, my soul, in its joy, Shall be sat-is-fied.

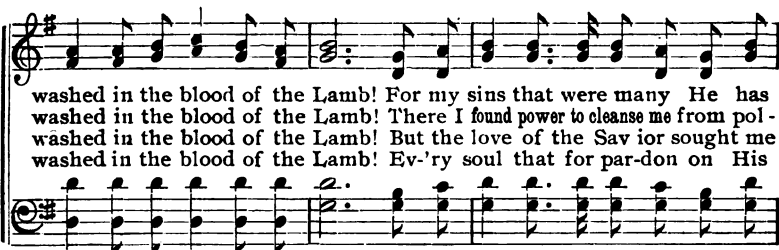
No. 76. I'm Washed in the Blood.

F. S. SHEPARD.

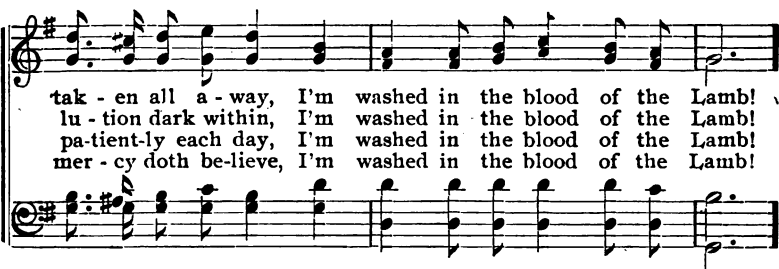
H. P. CLACK.



1. I can sing "hal - le - lu - jah!" to my Sav - ior ev - 'ry day, I'm
 2. When I turned to the Sav - ior with con - tri - tion for my sins, I'm
 3. In the paths of transgression I had wandered far a - way, I'm
 4. Come, oh, come to the Sav - ior for He wait - eth to re - ceive, I'm

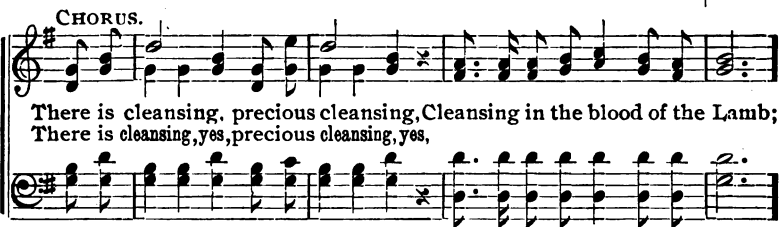


washed in the blood of the Lamb! For my sins that were many He has
 washed in the blood of the Lamb! There I found power to cleanse me from pol -
 washed in the blood of the Lamb! But the love of the Sav ior sought me
 washed in the blood of the Lamb! Ev - 'ry soul that for par - don on His

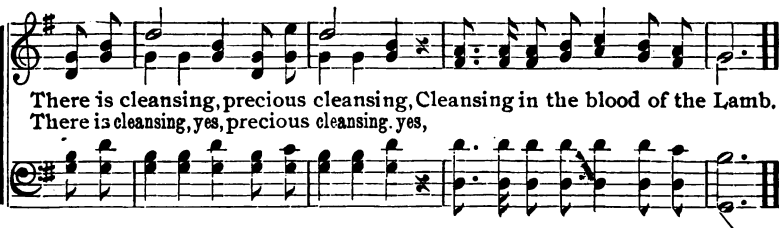


tak - en all a - way, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb!
 lu - tion dark within, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb!
 pa - tient - ly each day, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb!
 mer - cy doth be - lieve, I'm washed in the blood of the Lamb!

CHORUS.



There is cleansing, precious cleansing, Cleansing in the blood of the Lamb;
 There is cleansing, yes, precious cleansing, yes,



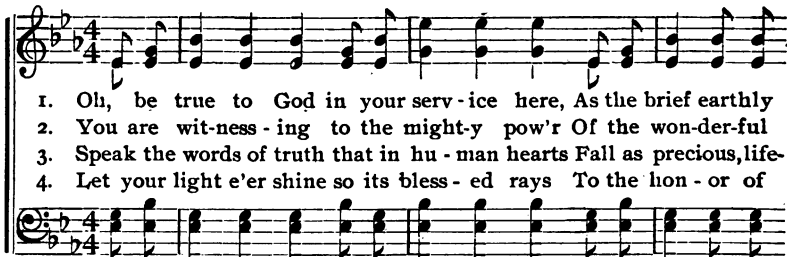
There is cleansing, precious cleansing, Cleansing in the blood of the Lamb.
 There is cleansing, yes, precious cleansing, yes,

No. 77.

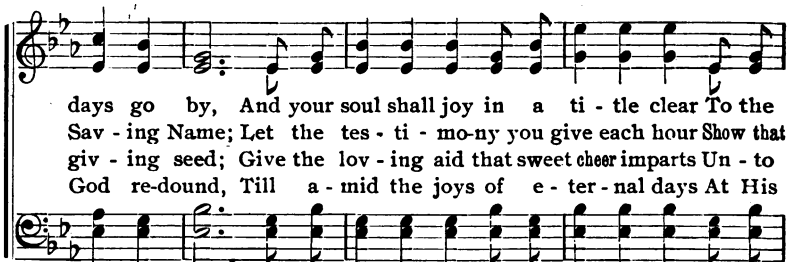
Be True to God.

JENNIE WILSON.

H. P. CLACK.

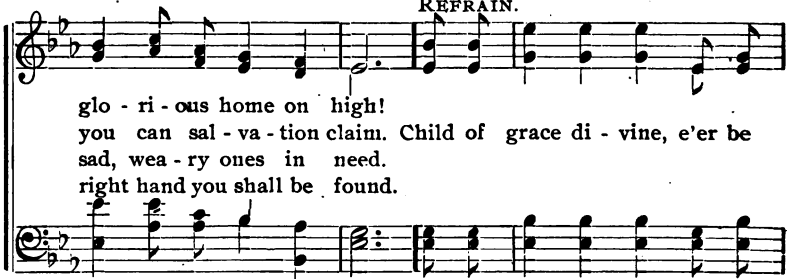


1. Oh, be true to God in your serv-ice here, As the brief earthly
 2. You are wit-ness-ing to the might-y pow'r Of the won-der-ful
 3. Speak the words of truth that in hu-man hearts Fall as precious, life-
 4. Let your light e'er shine so its bless-ed rays To the hon-or of



days go by, And your soul shall joy in a ti-tle clear To the
 Sav-ing Name; Let the tes-ti-mo-ny you give each hour Show that
 giv-ing seed; Give the lov-ing aid that sweet cheer imparts Un-to
 God re-dound, Till a-mid the joys of e-ter-nal days At His

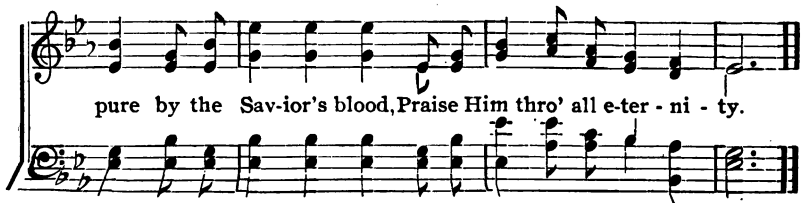
REFRAIN.



glo-ri-ous home on high!
 you can sal-va-tion claim. Child of grace di-vine, e'er be
 sad, wea-ry ones in need.
 right hand you shall be found.



true to God Till His ra-di-ant face you see, And from sin made




pure by the Sav-ior's blood, Praise Him thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.

No. 78.


Mercy's for All.

A. E.

A. ELY.



1. Christ, our dear Sav-ior, died on the tree, Died that the sin-ner's
 2. Man-sions in glo-ry He has prepared, Ho-ly of Ho-lies
 3. Soon He is com-ing, time draweth nigh, Com-ing with an-gels

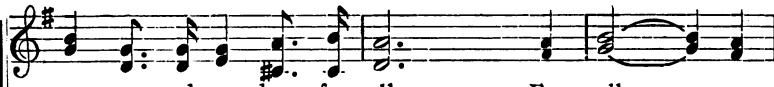


soul might be free; On all who hear Him and heed His call,
 mansions have shared, That dy-ing sin-ners, saved from their fall,
 down from on high; O then to meet Him saved if at all,


REFRAIN.



He will have mercy, mer-cy's for all. All, yes, all, There's
 May know that Jesus' mer-cy's for all.
 Saved by His mer-cy, mer-cy's for all. All, yes, all, mercy's for all,



mer-cy and par-don for all; For all, . . . yes,
 yes, for all, All, yes, all,



all, . . . There's mer-cy and par-don for all.
 mer-cy for all, yes, for all.

No. 79. Then Rest, Sweet Rest.

W. H. WILMAN. Arr. by H. P. C.

H. P. CLACK.



1. My home is in this world below, A world of pain and strife;
2. And when our work on earth is done, And heaven is our home,
3. Al - might-y God, the God of all, O, hear me while I pray,



I want a home be-yond the skies, I want e - ter - nal life.
We'll praise our God who reigns on high, And there for-ev - er roam.
And wash me in the crimson flood, And take my guilt a - way!



REFRAIN.



There joy and rest for me a-bound, And Je - sus I shall see,



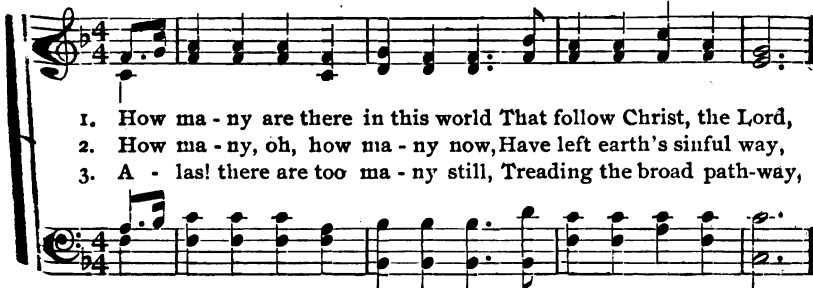
Where perfect peace and health are found, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



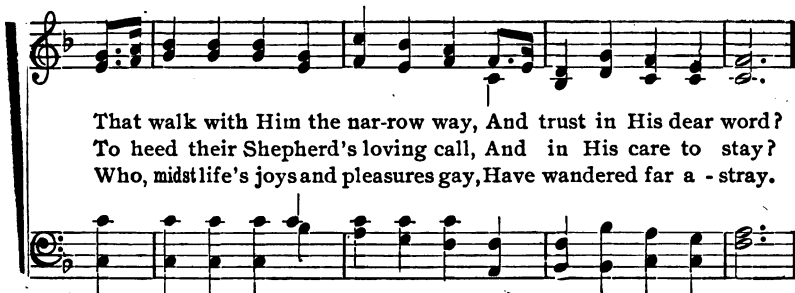
No. 80. How Many Follow Christ?

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

EDWIN MOORE.



1. How ma - ny are there in this world That follow Christ, the Lord,
2. How ma - ny, oh, how ma - ny now, Have left earth's sinful way,
3. A - las! there are too ma - ny still, Treading the broad path-way,

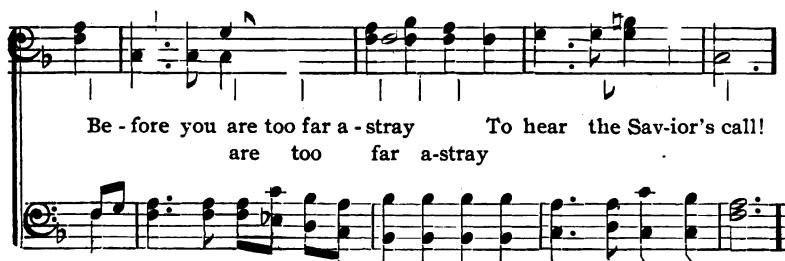


That walk with Him the nar-row way, And trust in His dear word?
To heed their Shepherd's loving call, And in His care to stay?
Who, midst life's joys and pleasures gay, Have wandered far a - stray.

CHORUS.



Oh, erring soul, come hear His voice, And heed His plea for all,
soul, come hear His voice,




Be - fore you are too far a - stray To hear the Sav-ior's call!
are too far a-stray

No. 81.



God's Elect.

Arr. J. P. L.


J. P. LANE.




1. They shall walk with me in white, Those who wear the *robe I give*;
2. They shall walk with me in white, Those who trust a-lone in me,
3. They shall walk with me in white, Those who *count their deeds* but naught;



In the cit - y of de - light, Shall with me for-ev - er live.
 Who have pass'd from ~~nature's~~ night; They shall ALL my glo - ry see.
 For *my righteousness* and *might* Saves and keeps all those I bought.




REFRAIN.



They shall walk with me in white, All my Fa - ther gives to me;

I will guard them thro' the night, 'Till the dawning they shall see.



No. 82. Glory to God in the Highest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. S. HENDRICKS.



1. Glo - ry to God in the highest! Whence are the voic-es we hear,
2. Glo - ry to God in the highest! Rings thro' the silence of night;
3. Glo - ry to God in the highest! Wel-come, O welcome the morn!



Flooding the world with their mu-sic, Joy-ful-ly, sweet-ly and clear.
Na - ture from slumber a - wak-eth, Lost in a splen-dor so bright.
Now in the cit - y of prom-ise, Lo, our Re-deem-er is born!



REFRAIN.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Born from the regions a - bove,



Waft-ing the mes-sage of rap-ture, Tell-ing the sto - ry of love.

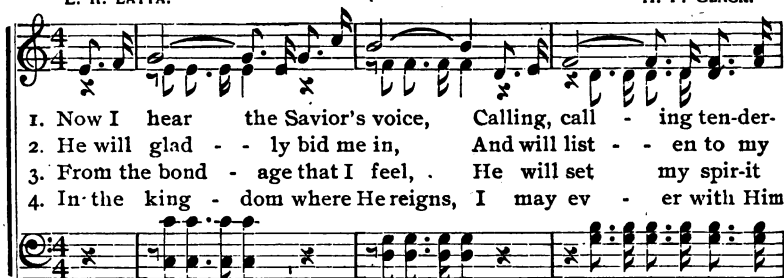


No. 83.

He Wants You.

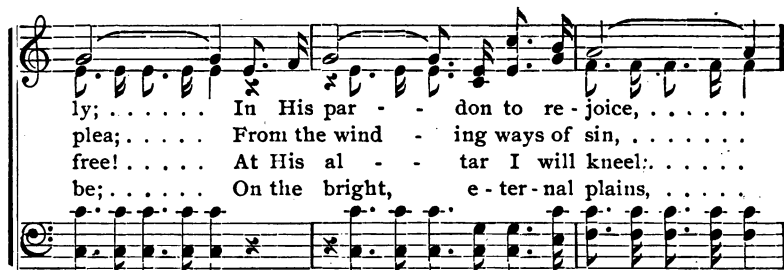
E. R. LATTA.

H. P. CLACK.



1. Now I hear the Savior's voice, Calling, call - ing ten-der-
 2. He will glad - - ly bid me in, And will list - - en to my
 3. From the bond - age that I feel, He will set my spir-it
 4. In the king - dom where He reigns, I may ev - er with Him

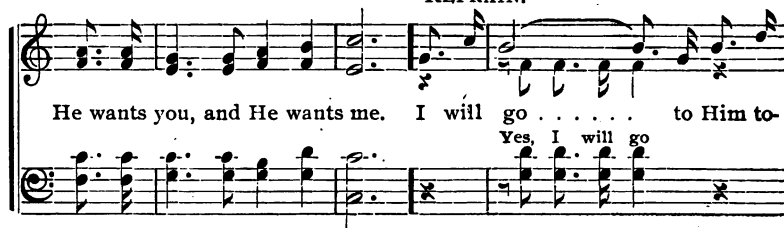
O now I hear the Savior's voice, Calling, calling ten-der-
 So gladly bid me en-ter in, And will list-en to my
 The bondage now yes, that I feel, He will set my spir - it
 The kingdom where my Savior reigns, I may ev-er with Him



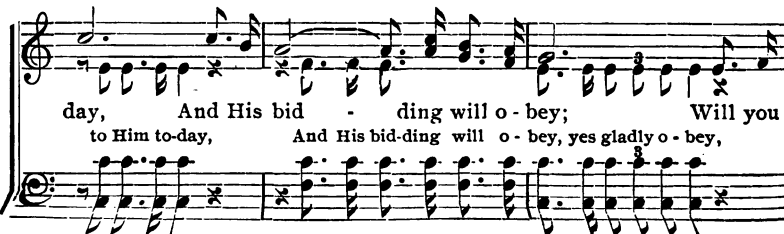
ly; In His par - - don to re-joice,
 plea; From the wind - ing ways of sin,
 free! At His al - - tar I will kneel:
 be; On the bright, e - ter - nal plains,

ly, so ten-der-ly; In His par-don to re-joice, yes, to re-joice,
 plea, un-to my plea; From the wind-ing ways of sin, the ways of sin,
 free, my syirit free! At His al - tar I will kneel, yes, I will kneel;
 be, yes, with Him be, On the bright, e - ter - nal plains, e - ter - nal plains.

REFRAIN.

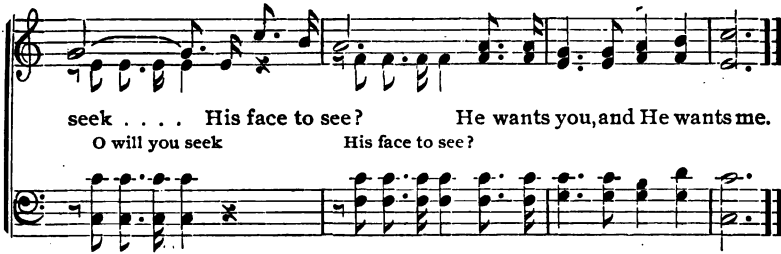


He wants you, and He wants me. I will go to Him to-
 Yes, I will go



day, And His bid - ding will o - bey; Will you
 to Him to-day, And His bid-ding will o - bey, yes gladly o - bey,

He Wants You.—Concluded.



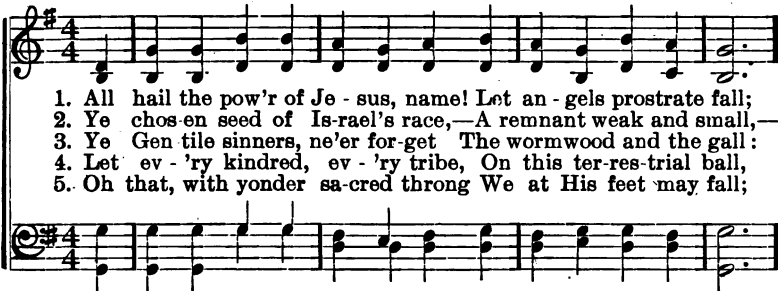
seek His face to see? He wants you, and He wants me.
O will you seek His face to see?

No. 84. All Hail the Power.

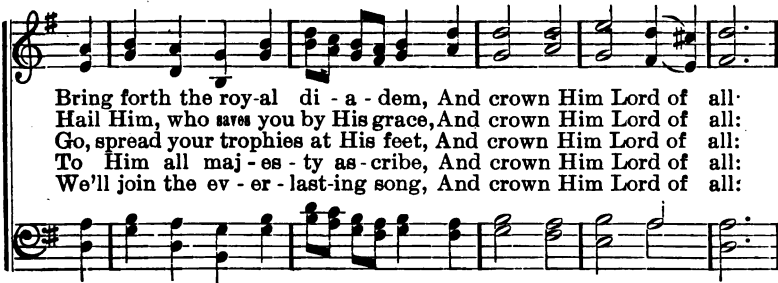
Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

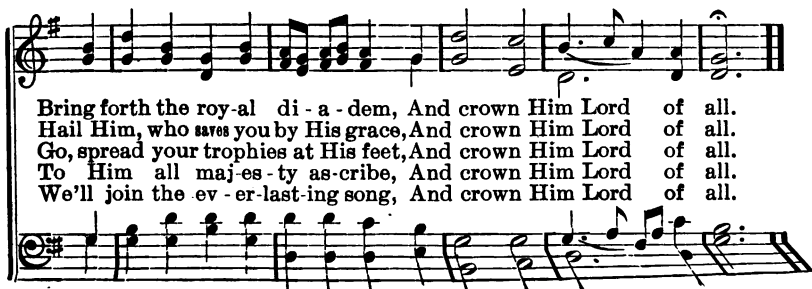
O. HOLDEN, 1793.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus, name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Ye chos-en seed of Is-rael's race,—A remnant weak and small,—
3. Ye Gen-tile sinners, ne'er for-get The wormwood and the gall:
4. Let ev-'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
5. Oh that, with yonder sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all:
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all:
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all:
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all:
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all:

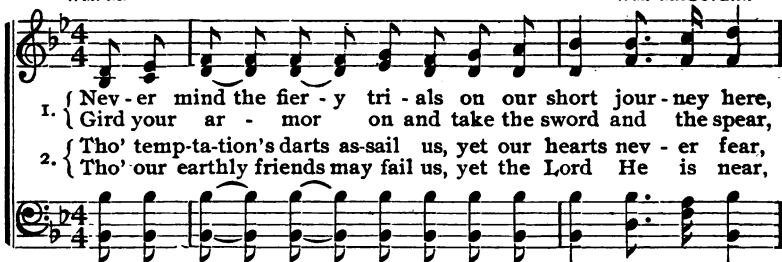


Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 85. The Lord Will Come.

WM. M.

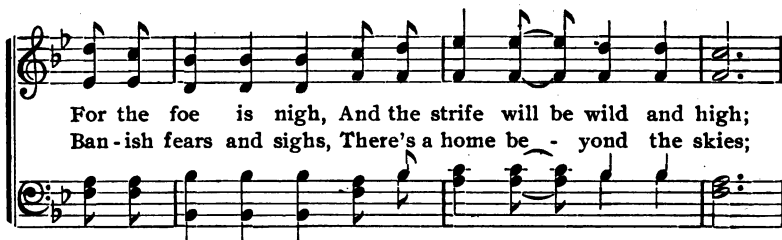
WM. MAGOFFIN.



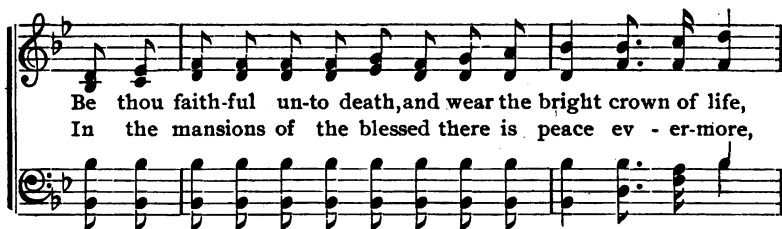
1. Nev-er mind the fier-y tri-als on our short jour-ney here,
Gird your ar-mor on and take the sword and the spear,
2. Tho' temp-tation's darts as-sail us, yet our hearts nev-er fear,
Tho' our earthly friends may fail us, yet the Lord He is near,



There'll be rest in heav'n by and by. } Sound the bat-tle cry,
There'll be rest in heav'n by and by. }
There'll be rest in heav'n by and by. } Let your cour-age rise,
There'll be rest in heav'n by and by. }

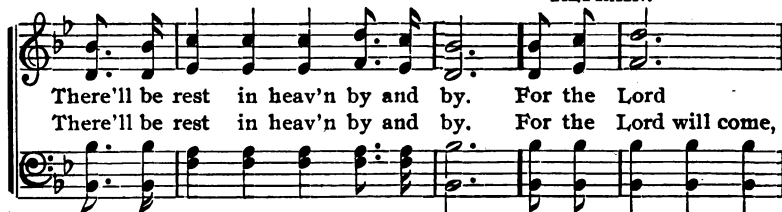


For the foe is nigh, And the strife will be wild and high;
Ban-ish fears and sighs, There's a home be-yond the skies;



Be thou faith-ful un-to death, and wear the bright crown of life,
In the mansions of the blessed there is peace ev-er-more,

REFRAIN.



There'll be rest in heav'n by and by. For the Lord
There'll be rest in heav'n by and by. For the Lord will come,

The Lord Will Come.—Concluded.

will come, In the clouds of heav'n He will sure - ly come,
the Lord will come,

The Lord will come And take His chil-dren home.
The Lord will come, the Lord will come.

No. 86.

Good Night.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

(AVON.)

Scottish.

1. The time for part-ing now has come, We leave these scenes so bright;
2. A - down the stream of time we glide, As days swift come and go;
3. Good-night, we sing this partingsong, For fad - ed is the light;

May peace go with you to each home, For now we sing good night.
May Je - sus be our on - ly guide, In all our walks be - low.
Oh, may we not be part - ed long, Good night, to all, good night.

No. 87. I know that My Redeemer Liveth.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

H. P. CLACK.



1. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, And I with Him shall reign;
2. He leads me on thro' joy or sor - row, And He will not for-sake,
3. In His blest likeness I shall wak - en, In yon-der home so fair;
4. I know that my Redeemer liv - eth, He claims me His to-day,



His coun - sel to His own He giv - eth, The weak makes strong a-gain.
Un - til, up-on some bright tomorrow, With Him I shall a - wake.
My trust and faith shall be un-shak - en, Un - til I see Him there.
To all who ask His peace He giv - eth, All sins He'll wash a-way..



CHORUS.



I know that my Re-deem-er liv - eth, His love pervades my soul;




His boundless gifts He freely giv - eth, And broken hearts makes whole.





No. 88. God hears and Answers Me.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.


H. P. CLACK.




1. When trou-bles in my life I meet, No hope or help I see,
2. Sometimes I walk in darkened paths; God did not lead me there,
3. By wa - ters still, He lead - eth me, Not to the an - gry sea;
4. In pas-tures green He gives me rest; And when I sometimes stray,
5. And when my spir - it is oppressed, Temp-ta - tions come to me,

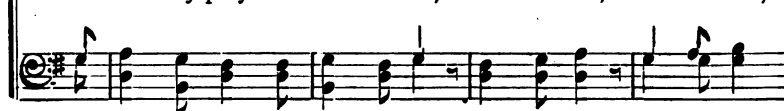

I bring them to my God in pray'r, He hears and an-swers me.
 But comes and lights the way for me, In an - swer un - to pray'r.
 But when my bark has drift-ed there, He calms the storm for me.
 He brings me back from des-ert wilds, In - to the nar - row way.
 God hears my cry and gives me aid, And bids the temp-ter flee.




REFRAIN.



God hears my pray'r and answers me, An - swers me, an-swers me;

He is my ref - uge in the storm, He hears and an-swers me.

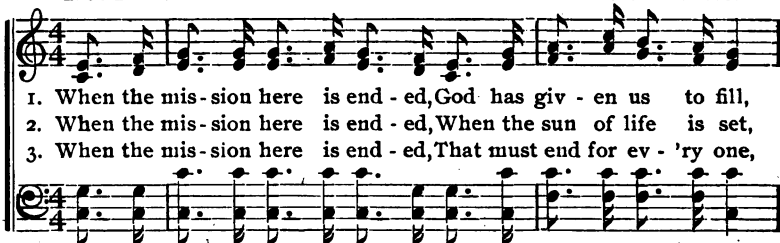


No. 89.

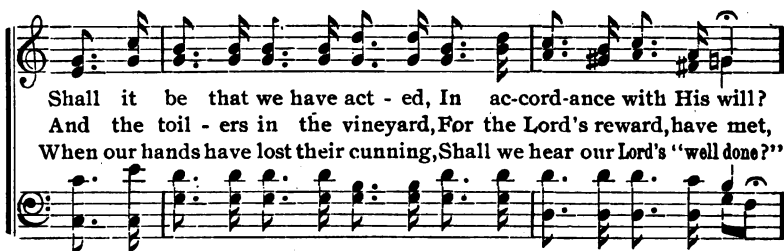
Our Mission.

E. R. LATTI.

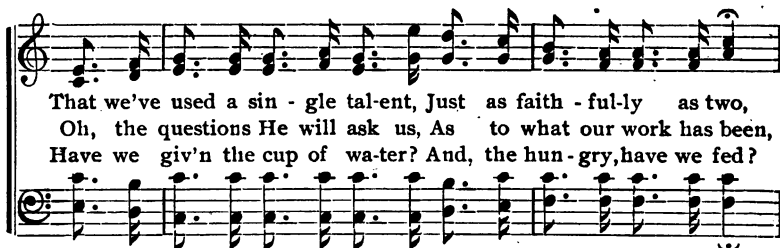
J. D. PATTON.



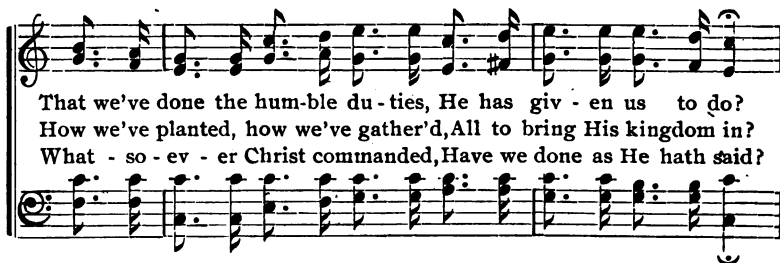
1. When the mis - sion here is end - ed, God has giv - en us to fill,
 2. When the mis - sion here is end - ed, When the sun of life is set,
 3. When the mis - sion here is end - ed, That must end for ev - 'ry one,



Shall it be that we have act - ed, In ac - cord - ance with His will?
 And the toil - ers in the vineyard, For the Lord's reward, have met,
 When our hands have lost their cunning, Shall we hear our Lord's "well done?"

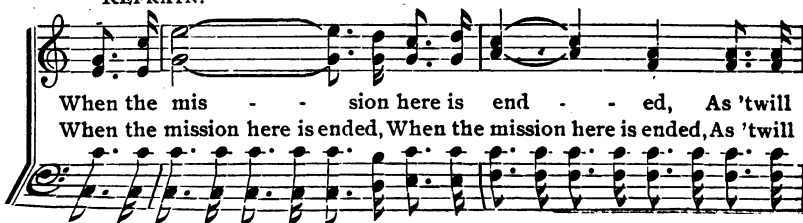


That we've used a sin - gle tal - ent, Just as faith - ful - ly as two,
 Oh, the questions He will ask us, As to what our work has been,
 Have we giv'n the cup of wa - ter? And, the hun - gry, have we fed?



That we've done the hum - ble du - ties, He has giv - en us to do?
 How we've planted, how we've gather'd, All to bring His kingdom in?
 What - so - ev - er Christ com - man - ded, Have we done as He hath said?

REFRAIN.



When the mis - sion here is end - ed, As 'twill
 When the mission here is ended, When the mission here is ended, As 'twill

Our Mission.—Concluded.

end for you and me, And we hear the Master
As 'twill end for you and me, And we hear the Master calling, And we

call - - ing, Shall we sad or joy - ful be?
hear the Master calling, Shall we sad or joyful be? Shall we sad or joy-ful be?

No. 90.

Greenville.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

ROUSSEAU.
FINE.

1. { Now we meet to join in singing Prais-es to our precious King, }
 { Thanks for blessings we are bringing, Loudly may our voic-es ring! }
2. { Then go with us, Je - sus, ev - er, 'Till across death's wave we glide, }
 { May Thy love forsake us nev-er, Here or on the oth-er side! }

D. C.—For He heal-eth our dis - eas - es, And is with us in each song.

D. C.

No one cares for us like Je-sus, As thro' life we wan-der on,

No. 91.

I'm On My Way.

A. E.

A. Ely.



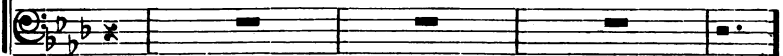
1. I'm on my way to heav-en The home of the pure and blest,
2. No blight of sor-row en - ters The place where my Savior dwells;
3. Then ask me not to lin - ger Where Je-sus has giv'n command;



Where Je - sus now is wait-ing To give my spir - it rest.
 But praise to our Re-deem-er, Thro' end-less a - ges swells.
 Nor think that I will wan-der, He leads me by the hand.



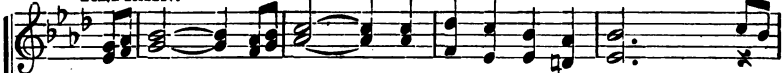
There I shall dwell for - ev - er, Close by the Father's throne;
 Oh, there I'll be like Je - sus! My tears He'll wipe a - way;
 He'll guide me as I la - bor, Nor let me turn a - side;



For Christ has there prepared me A place to be my home.
 And there will be no darkness, But one e - ter - nal day.
 And when I reach death's riv-er, He still will be my guide.



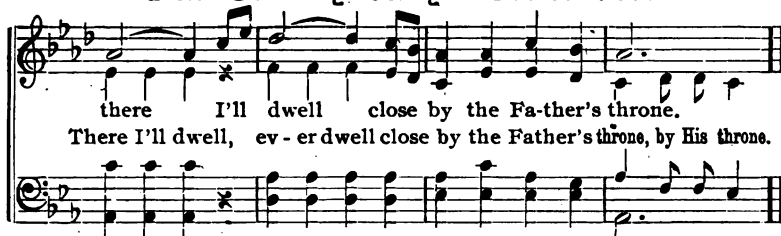
REFRAIN.



I'm on my way to my e - ter - nal home, And
 I am on, on my way happy home,



I'm On My Way.—Concluded.



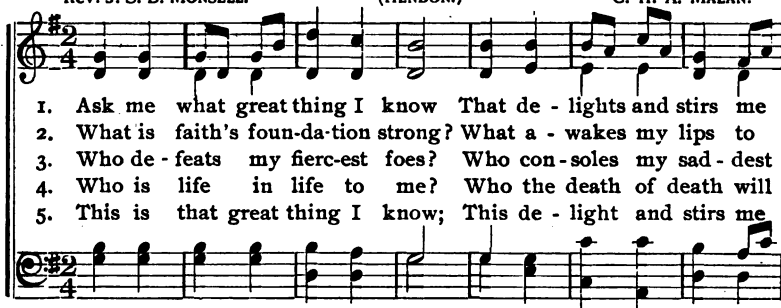
there I'll dwell close by the Fa-ther's throne.
There I'll dwell, ev - er dwell close by the Father's throne, by His throne.

No. 92. Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSELL.

(HENDON.)

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Ask me what great thing I know That de - lights and stirs me
2. What is faith's foun-da-tion strong? What a - wakes my lips to
3. Who de - feats my fierc-est foes? Who con-soles my sad - dest
4. Who is life in life to me? Who the death of death will
5. This is that great thing I know; This de - light and stirs me



so? What the high re - ward I win? Whose the
song? He who bore my sin - ful load, Pur - chased
woes? Who re - vives my faint - ing heart, Heal - ing
be? Who will place me on His right With the
so; Faith in Him who died to save, Him who



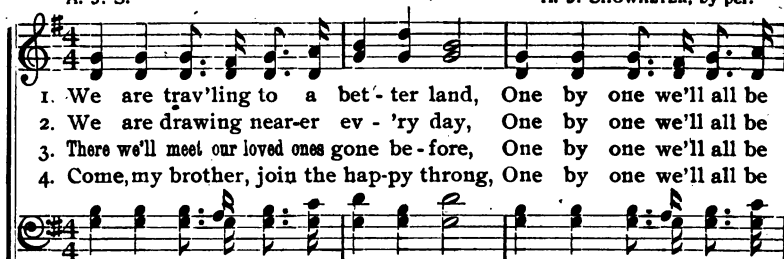
name I glo - ry in? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
for me peace with God, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
all its hid - den smart? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
countless hosts of light? Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.
triumphed o'er the grave, Je - sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied.

No. 93.

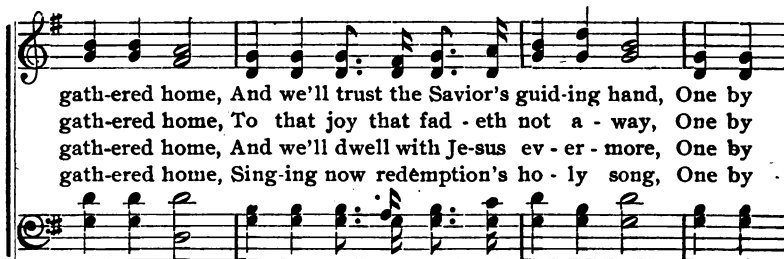
Gathered Home.

A. J. S.

A. J. SHOWALTER, by per.

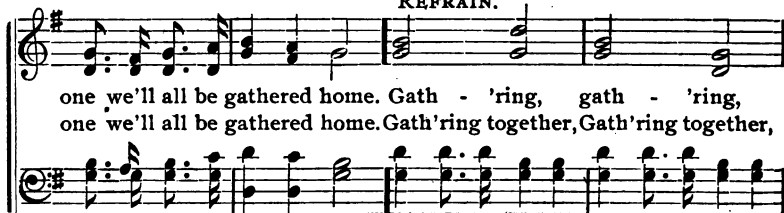


1. We are trav'ling to a bet-ter land, One by one we'll all be
 2. We are drawing near-er ev - 'ry day, One by one we'll all be
 3. There we'll meet our loved ones gone be-fore, One by one we'll all be
 4. Come, my brother, join the hap-py throng, One by one we'll all be

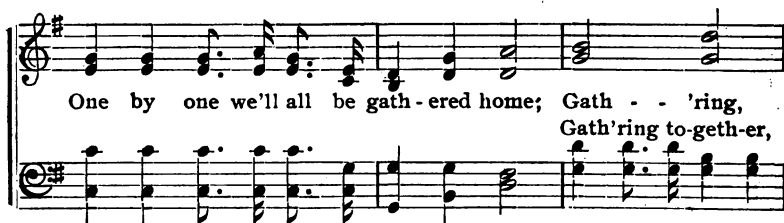


gath-ered home, And we'll trust the Savior's guid-ing hand, One by
 gath-ered home, To that joy that fad-eth not a - way, One by
 gath-ered home, And we'll dwell with Je-sus ev - er - more, One by
 gath-ered home, Sing-ing now redem-p-tion's ho - ly song, One by

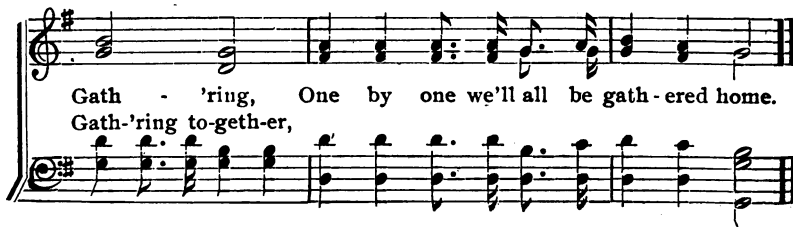
REFRAIN.



one we'll all be gathered home. Gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring,
 one we'll all be gathered home. Gath'ring together, Gath'ring together,



One by one we'll all be gath-ered home; Gath - - 'ring,
 Gath'ring to-gether,

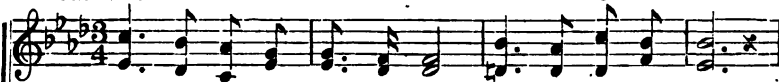


Gath - 'ring, One by one we'll all be gath-ered home.
 Gath'ring to-gether,

No. 94. Savior, Hearer Thee.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Sav - ior, near-er, near - er Thee, Is my heart's deep cry;
2. Sav - ior, near-er, near - er Thee, When life's storms beat wild;
3. Sav - ior, near-er, near - er Thee, Clos-er I would cling;
4. Sav - ior, near-er, near - er Thee, More like Thee each day;



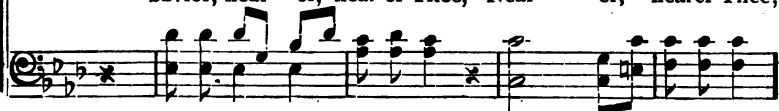
Earth can hold no charm for me, If Thou art not nigh.
In Thy strong and lov - ing arms Shel - ter Thy poor child.
Let this crushed and broken heart Still of vic-t'ry sing.
Let Thy pres-ence cheer my heart All my pil - grim way.



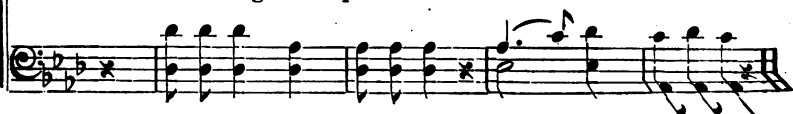
CHORUS.



Savior, near - er, nearer Thee, Near - er, nearer Thee;
Savior, near - er, near-er Thee, Near - er, nearer Thee;

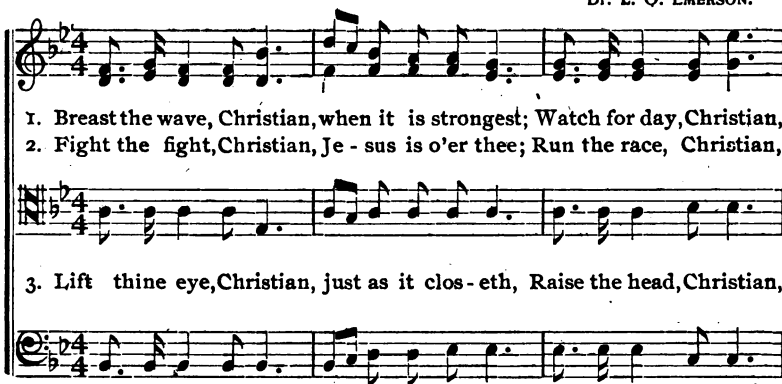


Let the blight - ed hopes of earth Draw me nearer Thee.
Let the blighted hopes of earth Draw me near-er Thee.



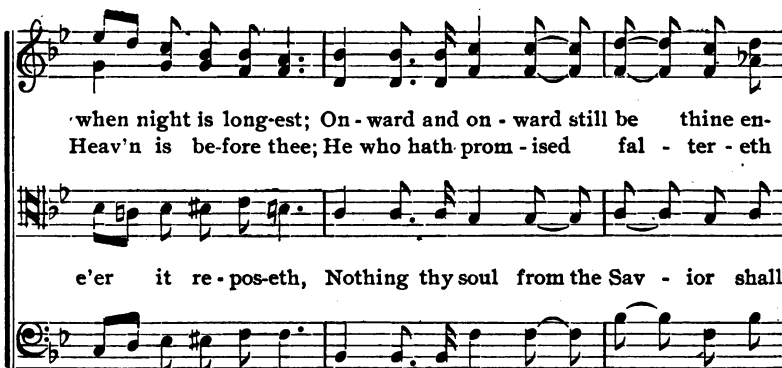
No. 95. Breast the Wave, Christian.

Dr. L. O. EMERSON.



1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian,
2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian,

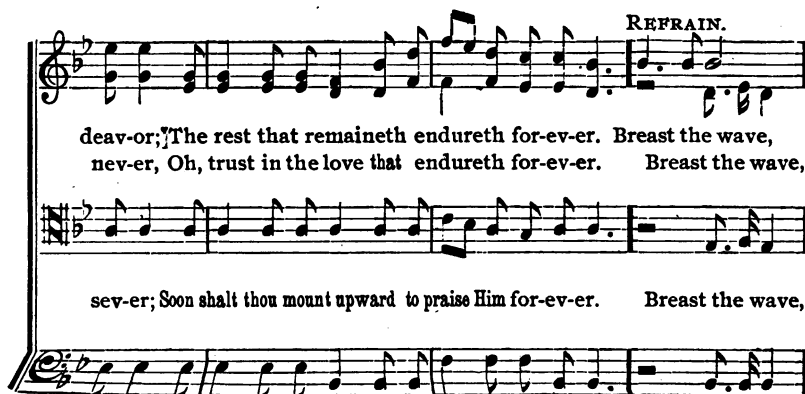
3. Lift thine eye, Christian, just as it clos - eth, Raise the head, Christian,



when night is long - est; On - ward and on - ward still be thine en -
Heav'n is be - fore thee; He who hath prom - ised fal - ter - eth

e'er it re - pos - eth, Nothing thy soul from the Sav - ior shall

REFRAIN.



deav-or; The rest that remaineth endureth for-ev-er. Breast the wave,
nev-er, Oh, trust in the love that endureth for-ev-er. Breast the wave,

sev-er; Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise Him for-ev-er. Breast the wave,

Breast the Wave, Christian.—Concluded.

Breast the wave, The rest that re-main-eth, en-dur - eth for-ev - er.
Breast the wave,
Breast the wave, The rest that re-main-eth, en-dur - eth for-ev - er.

No. 96. The Infant's Prayer.

Anon.

(For the infant Sunday school class.)

H. P. CLACK.

1. Lord, hear an in - fant pray, Who loves to bow the knee;
2. O, teach my in - fant lips To speak Thy glorious name,
3. Teach me Thy will to know, Which Thou to babes has given,

Wash all my ma-ny sins a - way, And bring me near to thee.
To pray that thou wouldst care for me, A lit - tle ten - der lamb.
And all Thy precepts may I do, As an - gels do in heav'n.

D. S.—And from the precious mer - cy seat, O, let me nev - er stray!

CHORUS.


D. S.

O, teach my wandering feet To tread in Zi - on's way,



No. 97. We're Soldiers of the Cross.

LAURA E. NEWELL.


H. P. CLACK.




1. We're sol-diers of the cross of Christ, We fol-low were He leads;
 2. Re - joic-ing in the Lord we love, We'll work each day He sends,
 3. With trust press for-ward to the prize That for the true a - waits,
 4. Oh, val - iant sol-diers of the cross We ev - er will re - main!



For one and all His blood sufficed, And He supplies our needs.
 Un - til He calls us home a - bove, And earth's probation ends.
 In yon-der land be-yond the skies, With-in the pearly gates.
 We'll count the joys of earth but dross; Its loss we'll count as gain.




CHORUS.



Oh, hal-le-lu-jah, bless His name! His wondrous name on high,
 yes, bless Him,

Oh, hal - le-lu - jah, bless His name! To save the lost He came.



No. 98. The Gospel Trumpet.

E. R. LATTI.

RAN. C. STOREY.



1. I've heard some gladsome news That I be-lieve is so,
2. I've heard of Je - sus' birth; To save from sin and woe
3. I've heard that chil-dren small To Him may free - ly go;
4. I'll haste to Him to - day, His pard'ning love to know!



And I will not re - fuse The gos - pel trump to blow!
 The na - tions of the earth; The gos - pel trumpet blow!
 Be - cause He loves them all, The gos - pel trumpet blow!
 He will not turn a - way; The gos - pel trumpet blow!



REFRAIN.



Blow! blow! blow! The gos - pel trum-pet blow;
 Blow! the gos - pel trumpet blow!



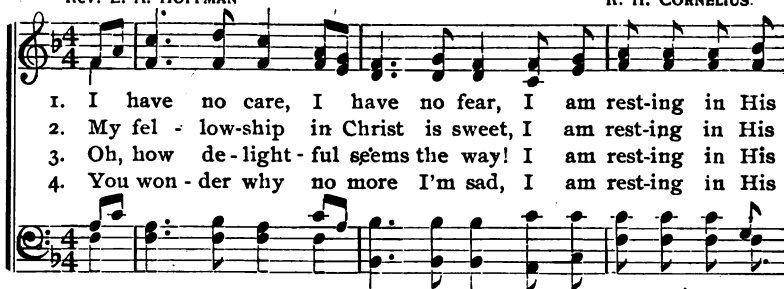
Blow! blow! blow! The gos - pel trum-pet blow!
 Blow! the gos - pel trumpet blow!



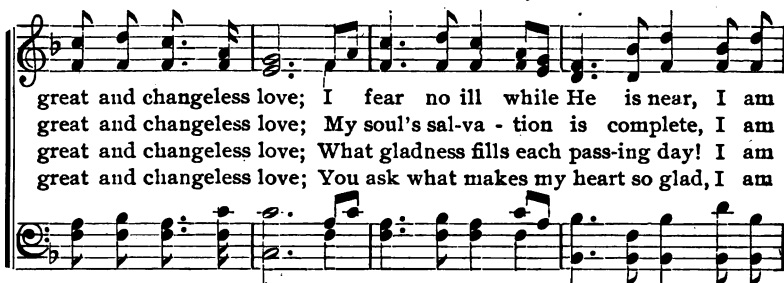
No. 99. Resting in His Love.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN

R. H. CORNELIUS.

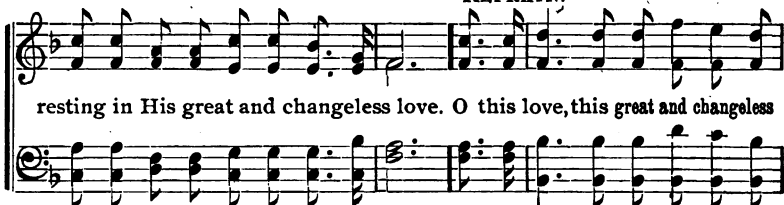


1. I have no care, I have no fear, I am rest-ing in His
 2. My fel - low-ship in Christ is sweet, I am rest-ing in His
 3. Oh, how de-light - ful seems the way! I am rest-ing in His
 4. You won - der why no more I'm sad, I am rest-ing in His

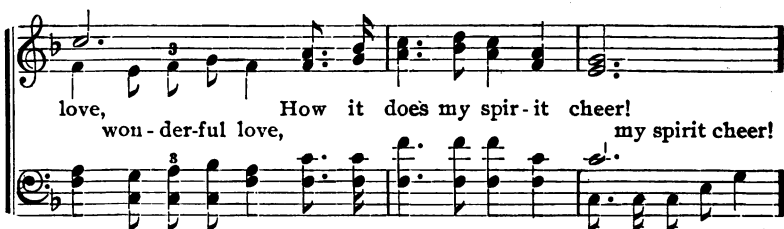


great and changeless love; I fear no ill while He is near, I am
 great and changeless love; My soul's sal - va - tion is complete, I am
 great and changeless love; What gladness fills each pass-ing day! I am
 great and changeless love; You ask what makes my heart so glad, I am

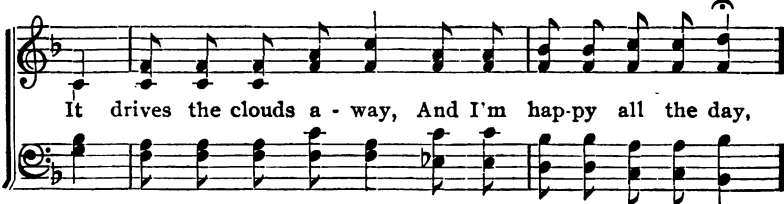
REFRAIN.



resting in His great and changeless love. O this love, this great and changeless



love, How it does my spir-it cheer!
 won-der-ful love, my spirit cheer!



It drives the clouds a - way, And I'm hap-py all the day,

Resting in His Love.—Concluded.

And I know that heav'n is ver - y, ver - y near.
is ver - y near.

No. 100. Bring Your Mites.

E. R. LATTI.

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Ma - ny are the need - y ones Who would ed - u - ca - tion gain,
2. Many fain would make more smooth Paths their fel - low - be - ings tread;
3. Ma - ny long to seek the lost, And to bring them back to God,
4. When the books are opened wide, In e - ter - ni - ty, at last,

Of the high - er, no - bler sort, But their ef - ferts are in vain.
And more brightness o'er their lives They would, by their la - bors, shed.
Speed them gladly on their way, Full of hope, and gos - pel - shod!
There shall be a rec - ord found, Of the mites that ye have cast.

CHORUS.

Children, come, and bring your mites! Help them reach the lofty heights!

Ye have heard the sto - ry told, Of the widow's mites, of old.

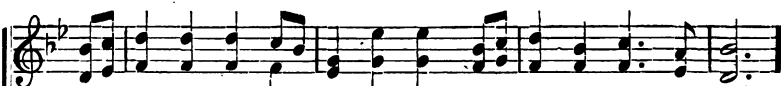
No. 101. Old Things, Yet Never Old.

ANON.

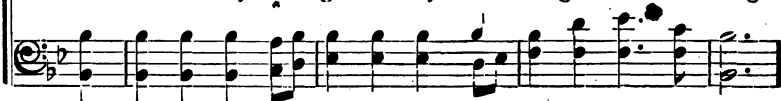
J. B. HERRING.



1. There is no song like an old song That we have not heard for years;
2. There is no friend like an old friend, Whose life path mates our own,
3. There is no love like an old love, A lost, may - be, or dead,
4. There are no days like the old days, When we, not they, were young;



Each sim-ple note appears to throng With shapes that swim in tears.
Whose dawn and noon, whose eve and end, Have known what we have known.
Whose place, since she has gone a-bove, No oth - er fills in - stead.
When all life's rays were gold-en rays And wrong had nev - er stung.



It may have been a cheer-ful strain, But 'twas so long a - go,
It may be when we read his face We note a trace of care;
It is not we'll ne'er love a - new, For life were dear if so,
Dear heart, if now our steps could pass Thro' paths of child-hood's morn,



That glee, grown old, has turn'd to pain, And mirth has turn'd to woe.
'Tis well that friend in life's last grace Share sighs as smiles they share.
But that first love had roots that grew Where others cannot grow.
And dews of youth lie on the grass Which Time's fell scythe has shorn!

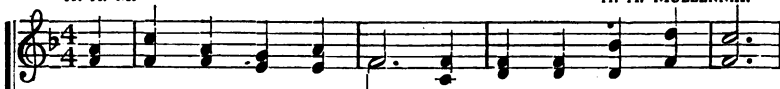


No. 102.

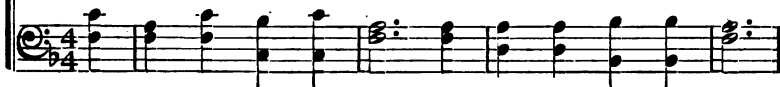
Lead Me On.

H. A. M.

H. A. MULLENNIX.



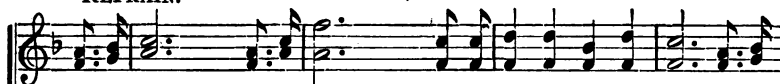
1. To Thee, my fa - thers' God, Oh, let my life be giv'n;
2. Thy prom - ise help me trust, For - give the sins that's past,
3. Sometimes from Thee I stray, And oh, how sor - rows come!
4. Oh, Fa - ther, be my guide Thro' all my doubts and gloom,



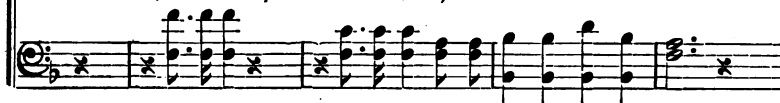
And let the light of Thine own word Di - rect my thoughts to heav'n!
 Oh, keep my soul from e - vil lust, And lead me home at last!
 For I can find no oth - er way But Christ to lead me home.
 And when I cross death's dreaded tide, I'll praise Thee on Thy throne!



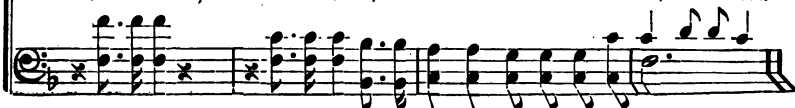
REFRAIN.



Lead me on, blessed Lord, Keep me ev - er in the way; Lead me
 Lead me on, blessed Lord,



on, blessed Lord, To the Land of one e - ter - nal day.
 Lead me on, blessed Lord, Lead me on.




No. 103.



Jewels.

BIRDIE BELL.


W. E. ERWIN.




1. Jew - els of light for the crown of the Mas-ter! Diamonds and ru-
2. Jew - els so precious that none knows their value, On - ly the Sav-
3. Yes, with His life-blood these jewels were purchas'd, Well may they gleam
4. Christ's pierced hand lifts them up from the mire, Pa - tient-ly pol-
5. Lu-mi-nous gems which He lov-ing - ly gath-ers In ev - 'ry land



bies that spar-ke and shine, Pearls that have come from the caves of the
ior can count their great cost, Leaving His throne in the regions of
in that cor - o - net fair, Flash from the brow which the thorn-wreath has
ish - es till they may shine, Cloudless and clear, in their mar-vel-ous
'neath the blue, smiling sky, That they may beam in the di - a-dem




CHORUS.



o-cean, Gems that were found in the depths of the mine.
glo - ry, That He might seek for the sin - ful and lost.
circled, Daz - zle the eye with their ra-di-ance rare. Beautiful jewels!
beauty, Fit to be worn on His forehead di-vine.
ho - ly Which shall enwreath His dear brow by and by.

Jewels so fair! With their rare beauty naught can compare; Glittering



Jewels.—Concluded.



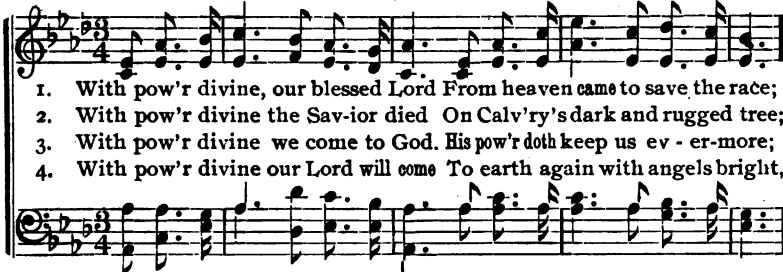
gems that sparkle with light, Flashing their rays so wondrously bright.

No. 104. With Power Divine.

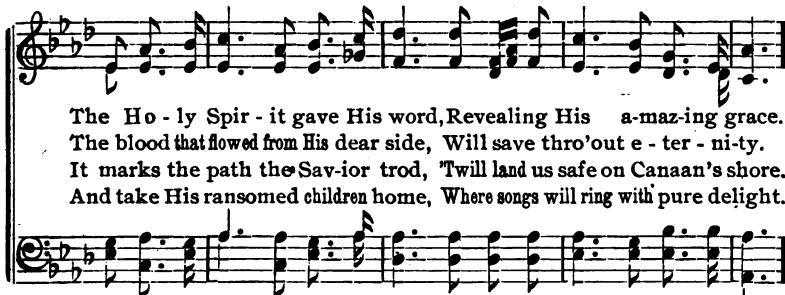
E. F. S.

(Suggested by a sermon by Rev J. M. P. Morrow.)

E. F. STANTON.

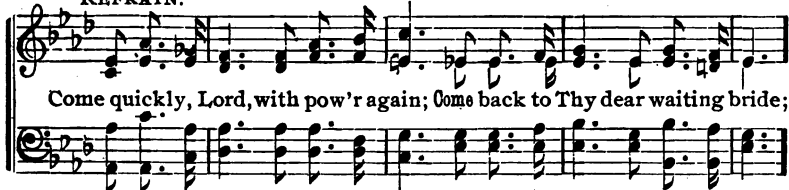


1. With pow'r divine, our blessed Lord From heaven came to save the race;
2. With pow'r divine the Sav-ior died On Calv'ry's dark and rugged tree;
3. With pow'r divine we come to God. His pow'r doth keep us ev - er-more;
4. With pow'r divine our Lord will come To earth again with angels bright,

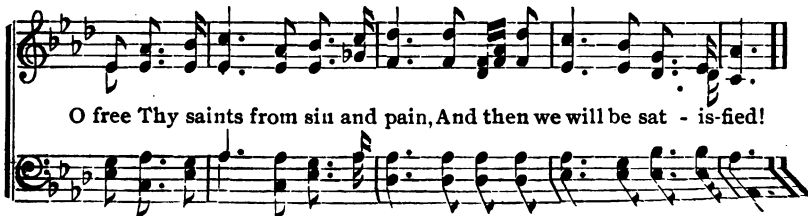


The Ho - ly Spir - it gave His word, Revealing His a - maz - ing grace.
The blood that flowed from His dear side, Will save thro'out e - ter - ni - ty.
It marks the path the Sav-ior trod, 'Twill land us safe on Canaan's shore.
And take His ransomed children home, Where songs will ring with pure delight.

REFRAIN.



Come quickly, Lord, with pow'r again; Come back to Thy dear waiting bride;



O free Thy saints from sin and pain, And then we will be sat - is - fied!

No. 105. Praise his holy Name.

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. Give thanks un-to the Sav - ior, And praise His ho - ly name;
2. His kind-ness is un - end - ing, His mer - cies are un - told,
3. He car - eth for the chil - dren, He loves them one and all;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in 4/4 time. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with a final measure containing a half note. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff.

Ye fol - low - ers of Je - sus, Spread far and wide His fame.
And e'en the low and err - ing, He'll to His bo - som fold.
His gen - tle voice con - trols them, They heed His ten - der call.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

CHORUS.


O praise His ho - ly name! O praise His ho - ly name!
ho - ly name! ho - ly name!

Give thanks,give thanks un-to the Lord, And praise His ho-ly name.



No. 106. The Door of the Fold.

LAURA E. NEWELL.


H. P. CLACK.




1. The door of the fold is Je - sus; O, list. to His voice to-day!
2. The door of the fold is Je - sus, Dear Je - sus of Cal - va - ry,
3. The door of the fold is Je - sus; Oh, why would you grieve your King?





He knocks at your heart, ad-mit Him Ere sad - ly He turns a - way.
Who died to redeem His lost ones; Sad heart, He is call-ing thee.
Ac - cept Him, the blest a - tone-ment, Your heart as an offering bring.




CHORUS.



The door of the fold is Je - sus, He pleadeth with love untold;



Ac-cept and be-lieve your Sav - ior, And en - ter His peaceful fold.



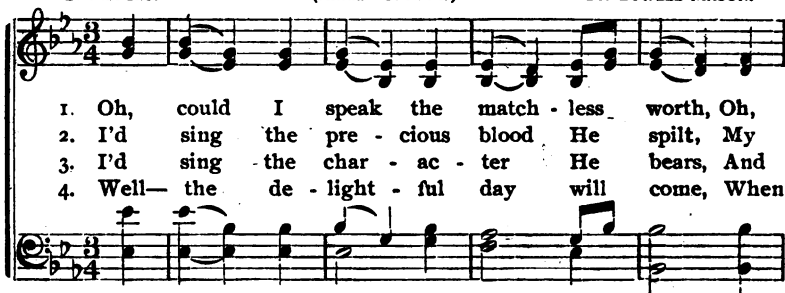
No. 107.

Could I Speak.

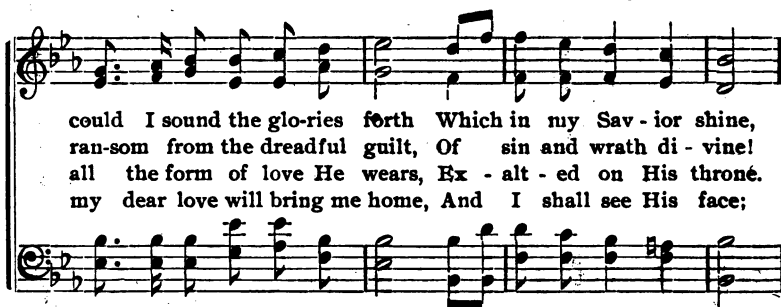
S. MEDLEY.

(ARIEL. C. P. M.)

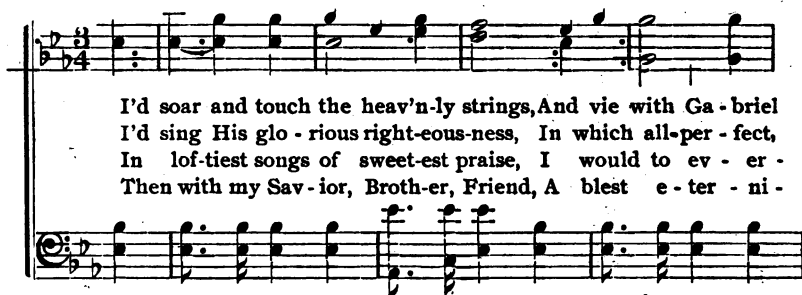
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



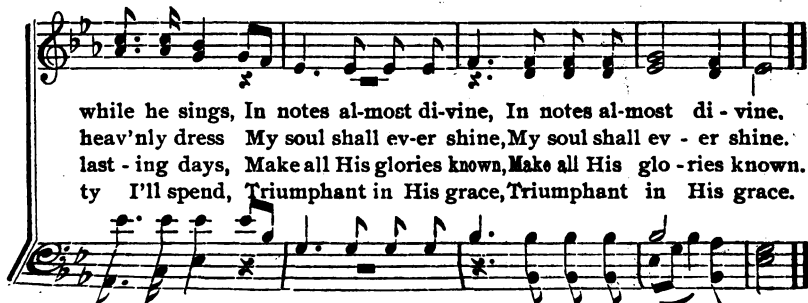
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ter He bears, And
 4. Well— the de - light - ful day will come, When



could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine,
 ran - som from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine!
 all the form of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne.
 my dear love will bring me home, And I shall see His face;



I'd soar and touch the heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel
 I'd sing His glo - rious right-eous-ness, In which all-per - fect,
 In lof-tiest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er -
 Then with my Sav - ior, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -

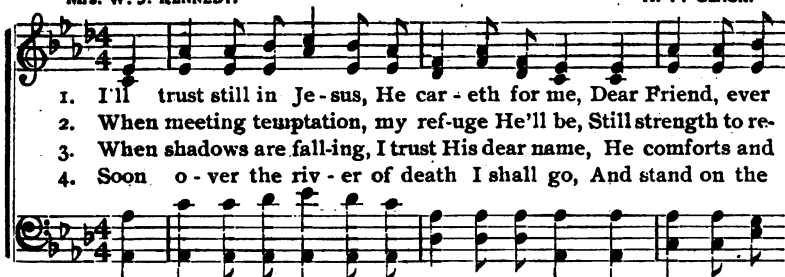


while he sings, In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.
 heav'nly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 last - ing days, Make all His glories known, Make all His glo - ries known.
 ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

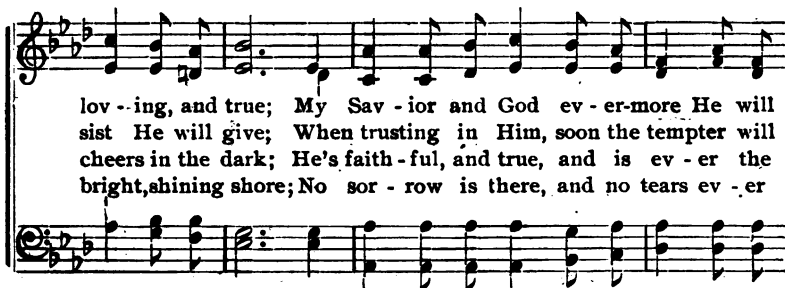
No. 108. Trusting in Jesus.

Mrs. W. J. KENNEDY.

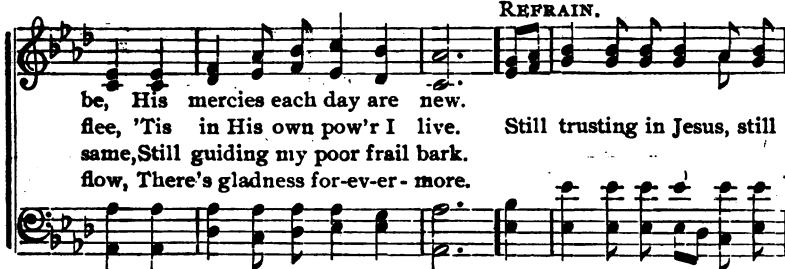
H. P. CLACK.



1. I'll trust still in Je-sus, He car-eth for me, Dear Friend, ever
2. When meeting temptation, my ref-uge He'll be, Still strength to re-
3. When shadows are fall-ing, I trust His dear name, He comforts and
4. Soon o-ver the riv-er of death I shall go, And stand on the

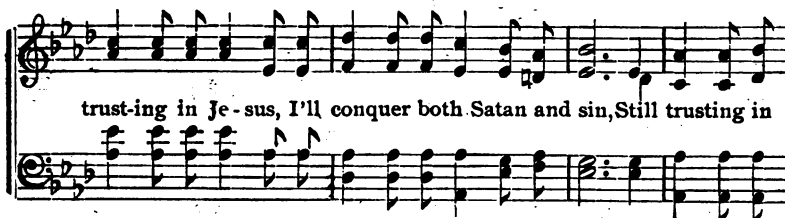


lov-ing, and true; My Sav-ior and God ev-er-more He will
sist He will give; When trusting in Him, soon the tempter will
cheers in the dark; He's faith-ful, and true, and is ev-er the
bright, shining shore; No sor-row is there, and no tears ev-er

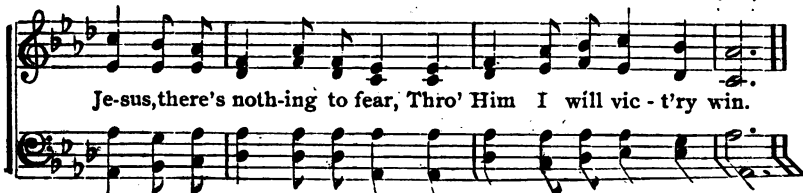


REFRAIN.

be, His mercies each day are new.
flee, 'Tis in His own pow'r I live. Still trusting in Jesus, still
same, Still guiding my poor frail bark.
flow, There's gladness for-ev-er-more.



trust-ing in Je-sus, I'll conquer both Satan and sin, Still trusting in



Je-sus, there's noth-ing to fear, Thro' Him I will vic-t'ry win.

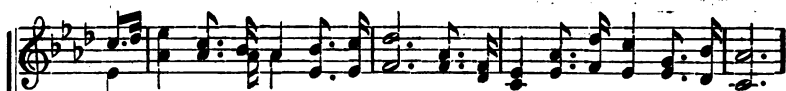
No. 109. The Haven of Rest.

E. R. LATTI.

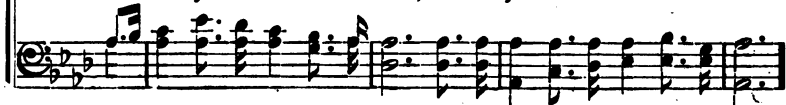
E. D. CURRY.



1. They say there's a haven somewhere, Where the home-coming pilgrims are blest,
2. They say there's a haven somewhere, Where nothing can ever mo-lest,
3. They say there's a haven somewhere, That's ev - er the safest and best,
4. They say there's a haven somewhere, Where there's never a bil-low-y crest,



And nev-er a tempest is there, And they call it the ha-ven of rest.
And there's never a burden to bear, And they call it the ha-ven of rest.
With skies that are wondrously fair, And they call it the ha-ven of rest.
And all may its blessedness share, And they call it the ha-ven of rest.



CHORUS.



Oh, that ha - - ven of rest! That bright ha-ven of rest!
Oh, that haven of rest, that blest haven of rest!



Oh, that ha - - ven of rest! Oh, that beautiful haven of rest.
Oh, that haven of rest, that blest haven of rest!



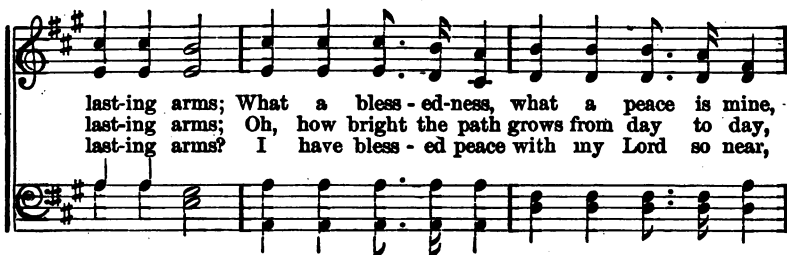
No. 110. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

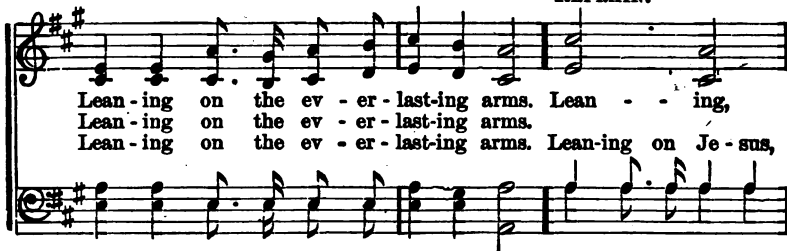


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -



last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last-ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

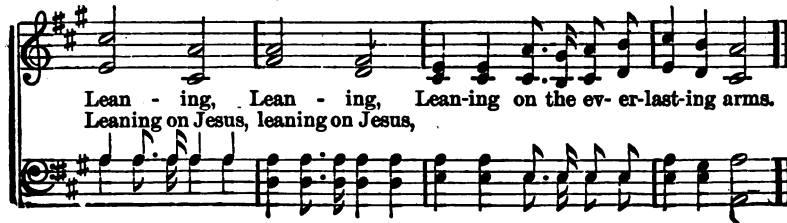
REFRAIN.



Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean - - ing,
 Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
 Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms. Lean-ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,

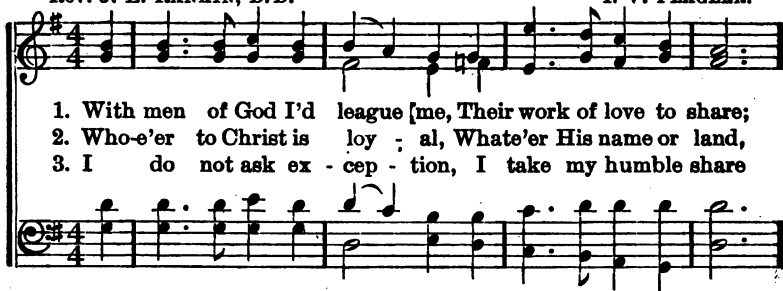


Lean - ing, Lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

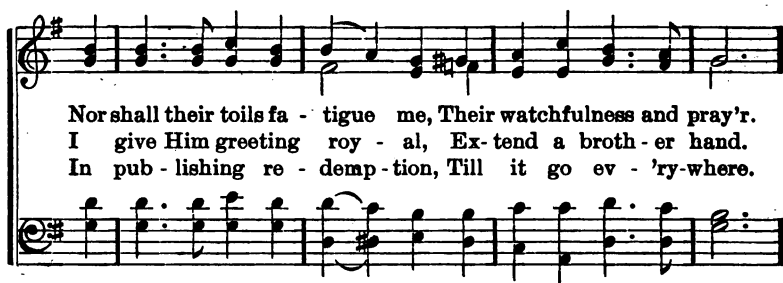
No. III. With Men of God I'd League Me.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

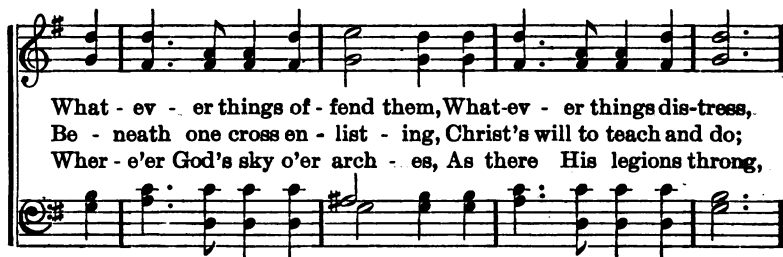
I. V. FLAGLER.



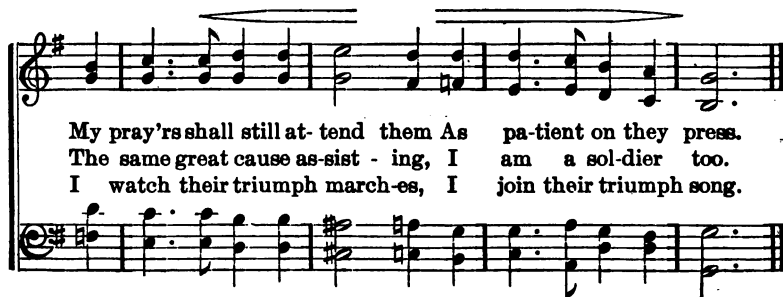
1. With men of God I'd league [me, Their work of love to share;
2. Who-e'er to Christ is loy - al, Whate'er His name or land,
3. I do not ask ex - cep - tion, I take my humble share



Nor shall their toils fa - tigue me, Their watchfulness and pray'r.
I give Him greeting roy - al, Ex - tend a broth - er hand.
In pub - lishing re - demp - tion, Till it go ev - 'ry-where.



What - ev - er things of - fend them, What - ev - er things dis - tress,
Be - neath one cross en - list - ing, Christ's will to teach and do;
Wher - e'er God's sky o'er arch - es, As there His legions throng,



My pray'rs shall still at - tend them As pa - tient on they press.
The same great cause as - sist - ing, I am a sol - dier too.
I watch their triumph march - es, I join their triumph song.

With Men of God I'd League Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

With men of God I'd league me, Their work of love to share;

Nor shall their toils fa-tigue me, Their watchfulness and pray'r.

No. 112. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

MAITLAND. C. M.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-crated cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev-ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
With joy I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
Oh, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down
And bear my soul away.

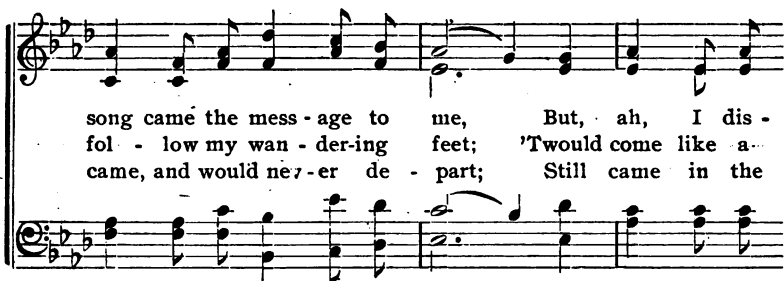
No. 113. The Door of God's Mercy is Open.

PRESIDENT J. E. RANKIN, D. D., L. L. D.

O. H. EVANS, D. M.



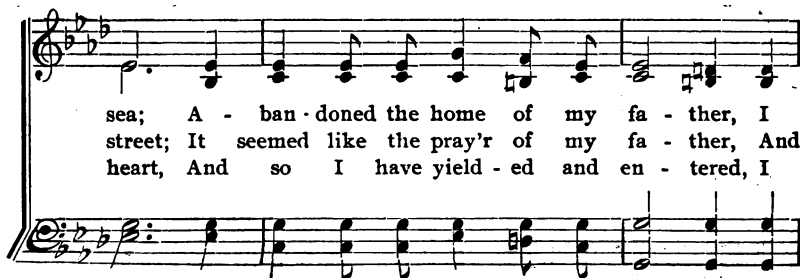
1. "The door of God's mer - cy is o - pen;" In
2. "The door of God's mer - cy is o - pen;" 'Twould
3. It broke on my ear like a ca - dence, It



song came the mess - age to me, But, ah, I dis -
fol - low my wan - der - ing feet; 'Twould come like a -
came, and would nev - er de - part; Still came in the

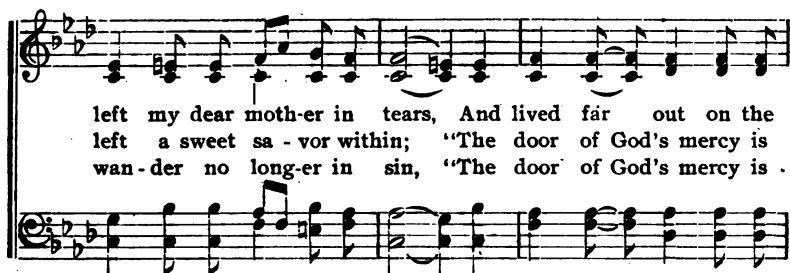


dained, then, to en - ter, And wan - dered o'er land and
voice of the an - gels, As borne from the gold - en
si - lent night-watch - es, fill melt - ed, at length, was my

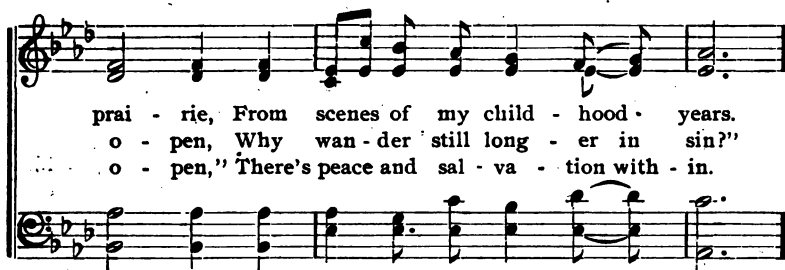


sea; A - ban - doned the home of my fa - ther, I
street; It seemed like the pray'r of my fa - ther, And
heart, And so I have yield - ed and en - tered, I

The Door of God's Mercy is Open.—Concluded.



left my dear moth-er in tears, And lived far out on the
left a sweet sa - vor within; "The door of God's mercy is
wan - der no long-er in sin, "The door of God's mercy is .



prai - rie, From scenes of my child - hood - years.
o - pen, Why wan - der still long - er in sin?"
o - pen," There's peace and sal - va - tion with - in.

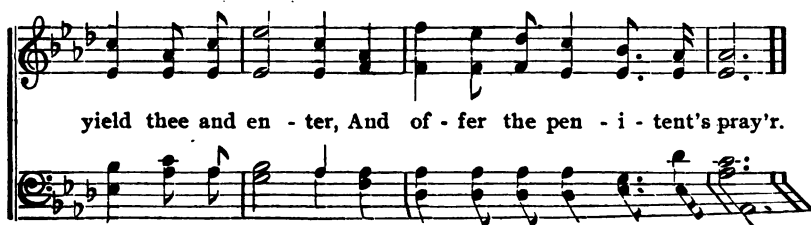
REFRAIN.



"The door of God's mer - cy is o - pen," And



Je - sus waits gra - cious-ly there; Come, yield thee, come,

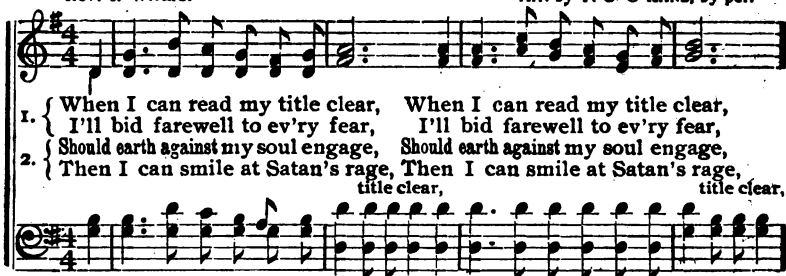


yield thee and en - ter, And of - fer the pen - i - tent's pray'r.

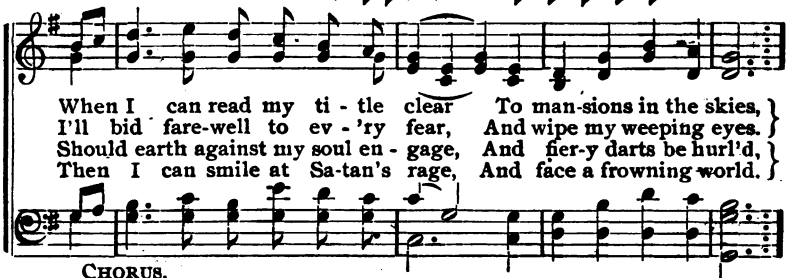
No. 114. We Will Stand the Storm.

Rev. I. WATTS.

Arr. by T. C. O'KANE, by per.

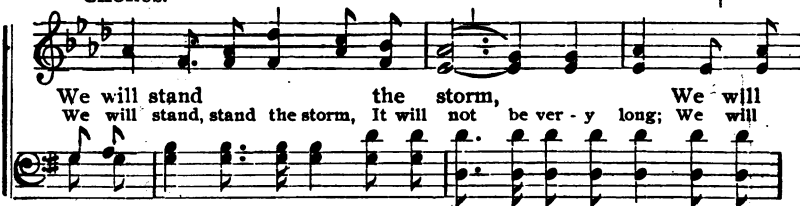


1. { When I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
2. { Should earth against my soul engage, Should earth against my soul engage,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
title clear, title clear.

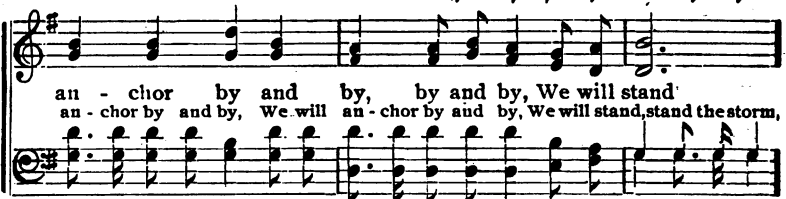


When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul en - gage, And fier-y darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.

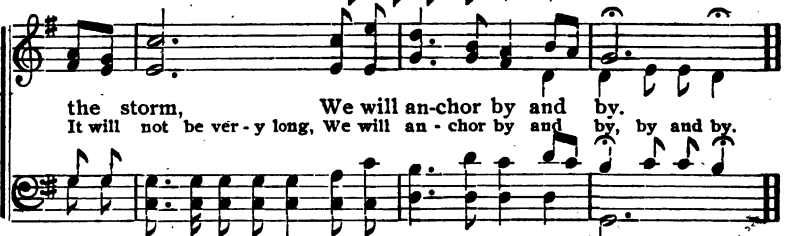
CHORUS.



We will stand the storm, We will
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will



an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand
an - chor by and by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm,



the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.

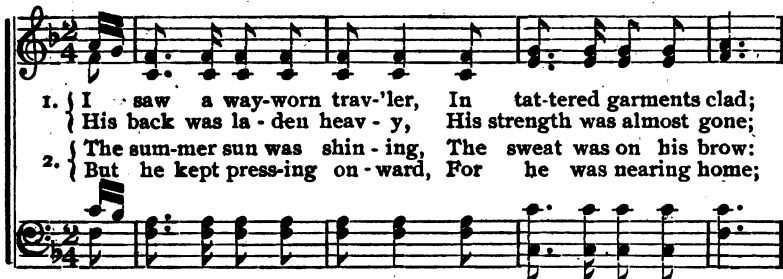
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
Let storms of sorrow fall, In seas of heavenly rest,
So I but safely reach my home, And not a wave of trouble roll,
My God, my heaven, my all. Across my peaceful breast.

No. 115. Deliverance Will Come.

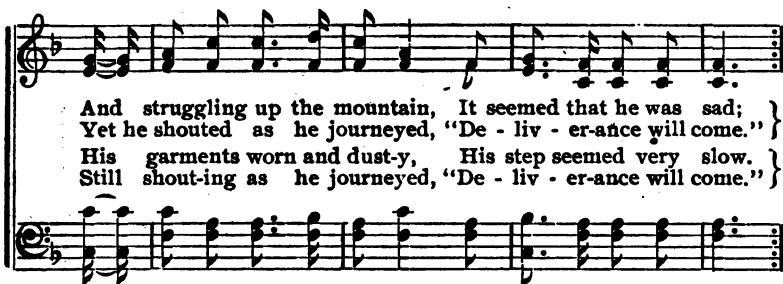
"We are journeying into the place which the Lord said, I will give you."—Num. 10:29.

Rev. JOHN B. MATTHIAS.

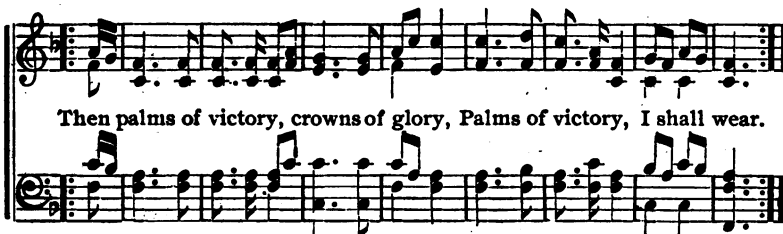
Rev. JOHN B. MATTHIAS.



1. { I saw a way-worn trav'ler, In tat-tered garments clad;
 { His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was almost gone;
 2. { The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow;
 { But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was nearing home;



And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
 Yet he shouted as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come." }
 His garments worn and dust-y, His step seemed very slow.
 Still shout-ing as he journeyed, "De-liv-er-ance will come." }



Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory, I shall wear.

3 The songsters in the arbor,
 That stood beside the way,
 Attracted his attention,
 Inviting his delay;
 His watchword being "Onward!"
 He stopped his ears and ran,
 Still shouting as he journeyed,
 "Deliverance will come!"

4 I saw him in the evening,
 The sun was bending low,
 He'd overtopped the mountain,
 And reached the vale below;
 He saw the golden city,—
 His everlasting Home,—
 And shouted loud, "Hosanna,"
 "Deliverance will come!"

5 While gazing on that city,
 Just o'er the narrow flood,
 A band of holy angels,
 Came from the throne of God;
 They bore him on their pinions,
 Safe o'er the dashing foam,
 And joined him in his triumph,—
 "Deliverance has come!"

6 I heard the song of triumph,
 They sang upon that shore,
 Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us
 To suffer nevermore."
 Then, casting his eyes backward,
 On the race which he had run,
 He shouted loud, "Hosanna,
 Deliverance has come!"

No. 116.

Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo-ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. Re-vive us a-gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-

REFRAIN.

died and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav-ior and scattered our night.
 sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
 kindled with fire from a - bove.

{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the
 { Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the

glo-ry; Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men!
 glo-ry; [OMIT.] Re-vive us a-gain.

No. 117.

Warwick. C. M.

S. STANLEY.

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 2. Oh, how can words with equal warmth The grat-i-tude de-clare,
 3. Thro' ev-'ry per-iod of my life Thy goodness I'll pur-sue;
 4. Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty to Thee A grateful song I'll raise;

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In-won-der, love, and praise.
 That glows within my ravished heart? But Thou canst read it there.
 And af-ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The glorious theme re-new.
 But oh, e-ter-ni-ty's too short To ut-ter all Thy praise.

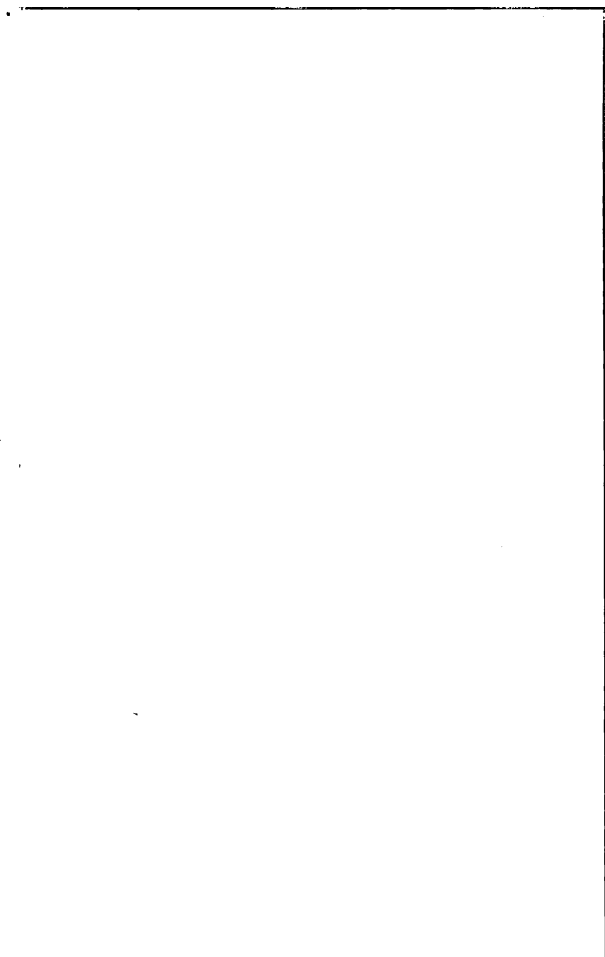
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Titles in CAPITALS; first lines in small letters.

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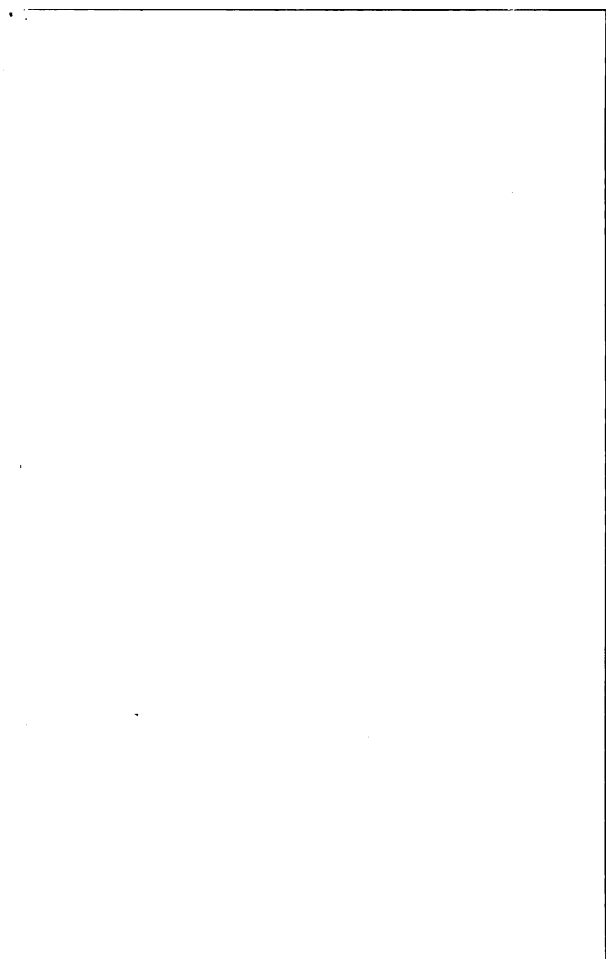
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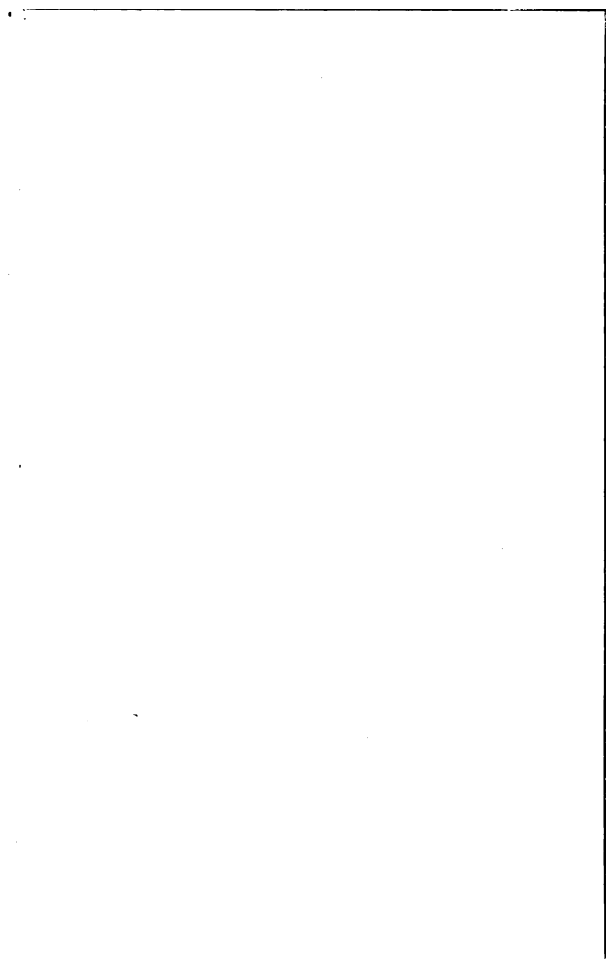
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